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Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes

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Famous
Actors & Actresses
And Their Homes

By
Gustav Kobbé
Author of "Signora, a Child of the Opera-House"
"Opera Singers," etc.

With Numerous Illustrations from Photographs

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1903

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Contents

	Page
Maude Adams	1
Ethel Barrymore	43
John Drew	67
William Gillette	99
Richard Mansfield	137
Julia Marlowe	175
Annie Russell	203
E. H. Sothern and his Wife, Virginia Harned	247
Francis Wilson	289
"The Lambs'"	317
"The Players'"	341

Illustrations

Julia Marlowe . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From the Painting by Irving R. Wiles

PAGE

Maude Adams 5
Maude Adams in one of her Early Rôles 11
Maude Adams at Nine Years of Age 13
Maude Adams as a Child 21
Maude Adams 29
Maude Adams 37
Ethel Barrymore in her Favorite White Costume . . 47
Light and Shade 49
A Quiet Corner 53
At the Piano 55
Ethel Barrymore in her Library 60
Ready for a Walk 61
On the Piazza, Easthampton 73
John Drew in his Library 78
John Drew and his Daughter ready for a Ride . . 85
John Drew, his Daughter, and their Pets 88
John Drew in his Study 91
John Drew 95
The Gillette Homestead, Hartford 103
William Gillette 107

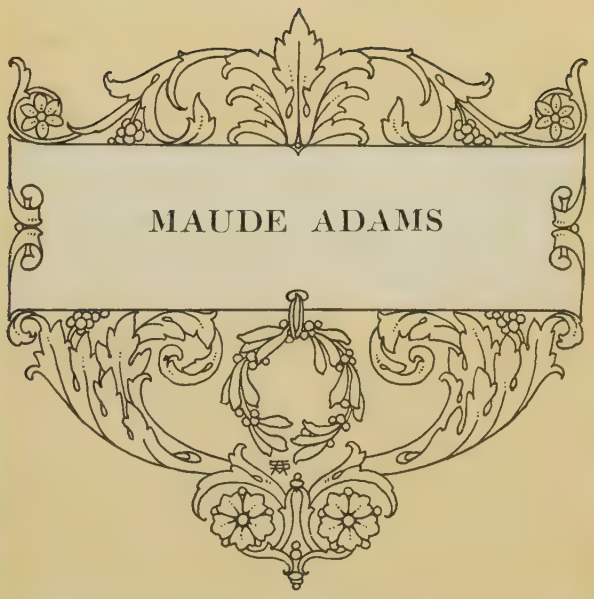
ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
The "Den" at the Homestead	113
Deck View of the *Aunt Polly*	117
The Salon on the *Aunt Polly*	125
The Engine built by Gillette when a Boy	129
William Gillette's Houseboat, the *Aunt Polly*	134
Richard Mansfield and his Wife and Son	143
Teaching Georgie to ride	147
A Quiet Cup of Tea	157
Richard Mansfield and his Wife in their New London Garden	163
A Favorite Spot on a Summer Day	169
One of Julia Marlowe's latest Portraits	183
"Now beg for it!"	185
Julia Marlowe in her Automobile	189
Ready for a Walk	195
A Favorite Nook at Highmount	199
Through the Green	201
Annie Russell	207
Annie Russell	215
Annie Russell in her Japanese Corner	219
Annie Russell out of Doors	225
Annie Russell at the Helm	231
Out for a Ride	235
Annie Russell and "Donald," who plays the Prince in "A Royal Family"	242
E. H. Sothern in his Library	253

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
E. H. Sothern and his Fox Terrier	260
Mrs. E. H. Sothern (Virginia Harned)	269
Starting for a Walk	277
E. H. Sothern and his Wife in the Main Hall of their Home	283
Francis Wilson at Home	293
Francis Wilson in his Library	297
Francis Wilson at Home	305
A Quiet Game with his Daughter	311
Harry Montague	319
Reading Room of "The Lambs'"	323
The Dutch Grill of "The Lambs'"	327
Lester Wallack	333
"The Lambs'" Assembly Room	337
Edwin Booth	343
Second Floor Hall of "The Players'"	347
Joseph Jefferson	351
Reading Room of "The Players'"	355
Grill Room of "The Players'"	358

The Illustrations are from Plates made by John Andrew and Son.


MAUDE ADAMS

Famous Actors and Actresses & Their Homes

MAUDE ADAMS

MAUDE ADAMS sells wood, pigs, and poultry. No; this is not another Maude Adams. 'T is the same who is known all the country over as Lady Babbie, L'Aiglon, and Phœbe Throssel. But she cares more for Ronkonkoma, Long Island, N. Y., than for Thrums; for the fields on her farm more than for the field of Wagram, and for her St. Bernards, her horses, her pigs, and her chickens than for the neighbors on Quality Street.

If she were not an actress, she doubtless would be a farmer. She is one now, when-

ever she has a chance. But I mean that she would do that and nothing else. For she fairly revels in country life and in her farm acres at Ronkonkoma. She would like nothing better than to spend the rest of her life there, at least, so she thinks. At all events, every moment she can spare when she is acting in New York or its vicinity, she spends there, even if she has to charter a special train to reach it. This is her regular method during her New York engagements. Every Saturday night a special train is in readiness for her at Long Island City, and on Monday she takes it back again, leaving Ronkonkoma at the last possible moment for her to be in time at the theatre. This love of healthy outdoor life is characteristic of many prominent members of the theatrical profession, and of none more so than Miss Adams.

Could she spend all her time on her farm, she would look after the work there with so

Maude Adams

much personal attention and such enthusiasm that she no doubt would solve the problem which so many millionaires and astute financiers, who have taken up farming as a side issue, have failed in, — how to make farming pay. Nor would there any longer be an "abandoned farm" problem: she would "take up" all of them if she could.

Like retired army officers, who seem to enjoy nothing better than hoeing in a garden, she is simply "possessed" by all that appertains to the care of her garden and her farm. Those who know her best believe that, if she ever leaves the stage, she will settle on her farm and stay there the rest of her life. Great would be the rejoicing among the living creatures thereon. For in common with every one else they love her. It is said at Ronkonkoma that when a Maude Adams pig is to be sold it sheds real tears and that the fowl droop their wings in sorrow.

Maude Adams has three homes, — one in the city, one in the mountains, and this farm. But this last is the one nearest her heart. There she can enjoy freedom and at the same time privacy. On her two hundred acres, which she hopes soon to enlarge and extend through to the waters of Long Island Sound, she can roam around at will. There is space and variety enough for her to enjoy horseback riding without leaving her own bailiwick. At the same time, because it is her own, she can keep away from curiosity-seekers.

For even more than farming Miss Adams loves privacy. It is said at Ronkonkoma that while the splendid St. Bernards on her farm are maintained chiefly for their beauty and because of her love for animals, one of their chief functions is to scare off camera fiends. And, if you will stop to think, you probably will realize that already you have found out more about Miss Adams from what you so

far have read in this article than you ever have known before. For less is known of her personally than of any other prominent person on the stage. Did n't your own knowledge of her stop right at the footlights ?

A writer of my acquaintance, representing one of the greatest newspapers in this country, went down to Ronkonkoma with a professional photographer. Miss Adams was away, but Mrs. Adams, who knew the writer, admitted him and the photographer. She allowed photographs to be taken, but with the distinct proviso that they were to be held subject to her daughter's order. She also immediately notified the newspaper which had sent down the expedition of this condition. The upshot of the matter was that Miss Adams bought the negatives and has retained the only set of prints made from them.

To preserve the privacy she loves, she has placed everything pertaining to publication

about her in the hands of her manager, Charles Frohman. A writer for whom she has the deepest respect might apply to her for an interview. He would at once be referred to Mr. Frohman, who straightway would say "no." For he, partly from regard for her own desire for privacy, partly from a well-defined policy which he adopted as soon as he became her manager about eight years ago, has limited publicity concerning her absolutely to her stage appearances. It has been a refreshing contrast to the reams of "stuff" about stage favorites that appear in print. Moreover, because of this policy, this chapter may give additional pleasure to the reader, not as one of the few, but as absolutely the first touching her personality which is authentic. There has been written considerable about Maude Adams, but nothing about "Maudie." For ever since she was a child she has been "Maudie" to every one around her, — her

disposition is so bright and sunny. When as a child she wanted to go on the stage in the same company with her mother, and her father protested that he did not want a daughter of his making a fool of herself, she protested, "No, Papa, 'Maudie' not make a fool of herself;" and I have a photograph of her taken in San Francisco when she was nine years old, on the back of which is scrawled, "For Papa from 'Maudie,' nine years old." A sweet picture it is too, and with much of the witchery

Photographed by Thors, San Francisco

Maude Adams in one of her Early Rôles

of the woman as she is now. I have seen few child pictures which so clearly prophesy the charm of the little one at maturity. And so it is that "Maudie" has remained "Maudie" to this day. One of the child rôles which she played when she still was billed as "Little Maudie," was in "The Boy Wanderer." Another juvenile rôle in the same play was taken by Flora Walsh. In the interesting illustration of these two stage children, which accompanies this chapter, the smaller child to the right, as you look at the photograph, is "Little Maudie."

It should be noted that she no longer is "Maudie" to many besides those who know her well in the profession. Her friendships, though very close, are few, and perhaps these are the most satisfactory friendships to have, and the kind to be proudest of on both sides. Probably her most intimate friend is Mrs. Thomas Hastings, of New York, who before

Photographed by Thors, San Francisco

Maude Adams at Nine Years of Age

her marriage was Miss Helen Benedict, and is a daughter of E. C. Benedict, Grover Cleveland's friend. A pretty picture of Mrs. Hastings on horseback is on Miss Adams's desk. The people who try to become acquainted with Miss Adams are legion. Among them are many young girls. She is, however, most circumspect in not permitting even those who attract her to go beyond the group of enthusiasts who gather at the stage door after every matinée to watch her come out, unless they have their parents' permission to know her. Miss Adams appreciates that an actress is more or less of a public woman, and she is aware that some people might object to their children's acquaintance with a professional woman. Therefore, however straitlaced or mistaken she may consider these views, she holds it is not for her to sit in judgment upon them, in dealing with young people who still should be amenable to their parents' authority.

One girl, to whom she took a great liking, came several times to see her at her New York house, until Miss Adams found out that her little friend's parents knew nothing about her visits. She immediately forbade her to come again. The following week she was booked for Philadelphia. When she reached the ferry there was the girl to say good-bye to her and "dying" to cross the ferry with her.

"Do they know at home that you have come here to see me?" asked Miss Adams as sternly as she could.

The girl was obliged to answer that they did not. Miss Adams at once had her driven home in her own carriage.

While Miss Adams has many animal pets on her farm two of her special favorites are in New York. One of these is a fine St. Bernard. She keeps him in her house, on East Fortieth Street, both as a pet and in a measure for protection, because there are only women in the

family, — her mother and grandmother, who live with her. The big dog lies on the rug near the front door. Any footstep outside, save hers, and he would rouse the house with his barking. But when she comes home from the theatre at night, he simply looks up and wags his tail as she passes in. The same is true if her tour has taken her months away from New York and she reaches the city and her house late at night. The friendly look and wagging greet her. The intelligent animal seems to know that he must not disturb the silent household, however glad he may be to see his mistress again. This St. Bernard is one of the many from her farm. Usually he is the only passenger, besides herself, on Miss Adams's special train for Ronkonkoma on Saturday night. She thinks an airing and a visit to his country cousins do him good.

She keeps several saddle-horses on her farm and is on horseback much of the time there.

Yet her favorite saddle-horse is in New York and does not even belong to her. Its name is Minnie, and is the property of a public stable. When, however, Miss Adams is in New York, playing or rehearsing, the mare generally is reserved for her use. The zest she takes in an exhilarating canter is another trait Miss Adams shares with other leading members of her profession, — Miss Annie Russell, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Drew, and Mr. Mansfield, for example.

All sorts of silly stories are afloat regarding Miss Adams's health. True, she is not robust-looking and never was. In fact, her charm lies not a little in a physical frailness that gives an appealing touch even to her humor and adds delicacy and charm to its quaintness. Yet she is an indefatigable worker in her profession — Mr. Frohman says she would play a matinée every day if he would let her — and never has missed a performance because of illness. In fact, I believe she has a remarkable record for

keeping engagements, and never has failed to appear as billed save on one occasion when the train on which she and her company travelled was stalled in a blizzard. Nor does she find it necessary to "rest up" between performances, but busies herself reading and in healthy, outdoor exercise. In fact, one reason why she wants to extend her farm to the Sound is that she is very fond of swimming and expert at it, and would like a bathing beach on her own place.

Horses Maude Adams has loved since a child. When she is on tour she rides whenever she finds opportunity. Some years ago, when her mother travelled with her, she had a boy connected with the company ride with her, as her mother did not want her to ride out alone. A paragraph praising her horsemanship appeared in a local paper. Straightway another paper pooh-poohed it as a "press agent's" yarn and wound up by expressing the

opinion that probably Miss Adams "would n't know a thoroughbred from a drayhorse, if they were hitched to a post." She laughed over the matter, but the boy, who adored her, was so indignant he wanted to go before a notary public and swear to the correctness of the first paragraph.

Lately Miss Adams has taken up automobiling and in New York frequently drives in one. In order not to be too conspicuous she leaves the guiding of the machine to the chauffeur until the Park is reached, when she becomes the chauffeuse and takes charge. When people were taking up golf with a rush, whether they could hit the ball, "swiped" the air, or dug up the ground, it was reported that she had adopted the game, and somehow or other the idea got abroad that she was a more or less enthusiastic golfer. This is but another instance of the incorrect things that are published about her. She is not a golfer.

In the spring, during the long run of "The Little Minister" in New York, she went several times with the members of her company to the links at Van Cortlandt Park, but it was to see her friends play, not to play herself. She knows, from hearsay, a few of the weird terms of golf-language, such as the names of some of the clubs, but she never hit a golf-ball but once. Then the ball found her so attractive it rolled barely a club's length from her. She says golf hardens and tightens the muscles, and

Photographed by Thors, San Francisco

Maude Adams as a Child

she prefers exercise that limbers and loosens them.

The amusing story of Maude Adams's wholly accidental stage début, while she was a baby, has been told, but, so far as I know, never with entire correctness. Her mother, Mrs. Annie Adams, was leading woman of the stock company in Salt Lake City, where Maude was born some thirty odd years ago. Annie Adams had married William Kiskadden, a banker, but for stage purposes had retained her family name, as Mr. Kiskadden's people had made some objection to his marriage with an actress, although now that Miss Adams has become so famous, the Kiskaddens are only too proud of the connection, and would be glad enough to see "Maude Kiskadden" on the playbills instead of Maude Adams.

However, to little Maude's début! One night Mrs. Adams was supporting a visiting star in a play called "The Cottage Girl."

This was followed, according to the custom of the day, by a roaring one-act farce, "The Lost Child." In this Mrs. Adams had no part. A baby is required in this farce. The infant is rushed on and off the stage several times, and finally is brought on by a waiter on a platter and set down on a table before the father, who, throughout the many amusing contretemps of the play, has been hopelessly distracted in his search for the child, which really has not been lost at all.

As the story always is told, Mrs. Adams is supposed to have had baby Maude spending the evening with her in her dressing-room. But such a thing was no more permitted behind the scenes in those days than it would be now. There was no baby behind the scenes save the one required in the farce. Immediately after "The Cottage Girl" Mrs. Adams had dressed, but instead of leaving the theatre at once, remained to watch the farce. She

was standing by the call-board; the baby had been rushed on and off several times; the performance was nearly over. Just then Mrs. Adams chanced to look down the passageway to the stage door. The keeper had just opened it, and she saw her maid with Maudie in her arms. They had come for Mrs. Adams to go home with them.

That moment the stage baby set up a howl, — the kind of howl which means a shrieking spell that nothing can quiet. The manager was in despair. The fate of the farce hung in the balance. It was at the most critical point. In a moment the cue would come for the baby to be rushed on, on a platter. Looking about him in a hopeless way, the distracted manager caught a glimpse of a baby at the stage door. Half running, half sliding, he pushed past Mrs. Adams, snatched Maudie from her nurse's arms, shoved her on the platter just as the cue came, thrust the platter onto the waiter's arms,

and a moment later platter and Maudie were on the table in full view of the audience.

And the audience? A howl of merriment went up from it. At first every one behind the scenes was nonplussed. Then they saw the point. The original baby, which the audience had seen a few minutes before, was only six weeks old. Maudie was seven and a half months, so that her appearance presented the startling phenomenon of a child having taken on something like twenty pounds in five minutes. But the louder the audience laughed, the more Maudie was pleased, until inspired by the merriment and the brightly lighted house, she got upon her hands and knees and cooed at the audience, which again was convulsed. Altogether Maude Adams's début as a baby was a grand success and one which to this day is recalled with amusement in Salt Lake City.

Notwithstanding this successful début, she

did not again appear on the stage until she began playing child rôles with J. K. Emmett in San Francisco. In one scene she had to be tied to a mill wheel, and at a certain point scream, that scream being the critical moment of the scene. She would look at her mother, who was on the stage with her, and as the time grew near whisper, "Muffer, must I scweam now?" That "Muffer," by the way, has been a treasure to her daughter, — unfailing in her devotion to her. When as a grown up girl Maude appeared for the first time in New York it was in "The Paymaster" in the old Star Theatre. In this play is a tank in which the character played by Miss Adams has to jump. But the mother would listen to nothing of the sort. When the scene came, she "made up" to look the character, and it was she, not Maude, who took the cold plunge.

It was in this play Charles Frohman first

saw her, and with prophetic eye he discerned in her what she has since become, the sweet embodiment of golden girlhood. He immediately engaged her and has since managed her with a skill that defies criticism. For, under his management, Miss Adams has become, in hard professional parlance, "the best piece of theatrical property in the world."

His own stock company plans not having yet matured, Mr. Frohman first "loaned" her to Charles H. Hoyt for "The Midnight Bell," in which her success as Dot Bradbury, though a minor rôle, was conspicuous enough already to justify his foresight. After that he "loaned" her to Daniel Frohman for E. H. Sothern. Then Charles Frohman being ready to launch his stock company, she appeared at the then Twenty-third Theatre, N. Y., in Gillette's comedy "All the Comforts of Home," playing the opposite rôle to Henry Miller. Since then she has placed her professional

career unreservedly in Mr. Frohman's hands. During her third season in his company she called at his office one day. A casual remark he made nearly staggered her. It was that John Drew was to star under his management the following season and she was to be Drew's leading lady. "I hardly could hold myself," she says in telling of it. "I had to clasp my knees to make sure I really was there." The wiseacres, when they heard of Mr. Frohman's purpose, shook their heads ominously. But when the event, "The Masked Ball," came off at Palmer's (Wallack's) in October, 1892, Miss Adams "made good." This notwithstanding, the wiseacres again shook their heads when they heard four years later that the following season Mr. Frohman would star her. But her success as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," produced at the Empire Theatre, N. Y., in September, 1897, after a preliminary week in Washington, was so great

that it formed a veritable triumph and a thoroughly legitimate one.

Apropos of Babbie, it is interesting to note that for a long time before Barrie dramatized his novel Mr. Frohman had been urging him to do so. The author had always replied that he saw no play in the book. But during the "Rosemary" run with Miss Adams and John Drew, he was over here on

Photographed by Burr McIntosh

Maude Adams

business connected with copyright matters and chanced to drop in to see the play. After the second act he came breathless into the manager's office. "Mr. Frohman," he ejaculated, "I have found my Babbie. I will write the play if I can have Miss Adams for the heroine."

Miss Adams's success did not turn her head. She always has been ready for the work Mr. Frohman has selected for her and has left its selection absolutely to him. He dropped in at the theatre one night between the third and fourth acts of "The Little Minister," and notified her to "get up" in Juliet, as she was to play it the following spring. Next morning he sailed for Europe, and she proceeded at once to prepare herself for "Romeo and Juliet."

"L'Aiglon" was negotiated for and secured, and she was cast for the part before she knew anything about it, and the newspapers announced that she was to have the title rôle

almost simultaneously with Mr. Frohman's communication of that fact to her.

Another incident, which shows how little her success has spoiled Miss Adams and illustrates the charming simplicity of her nature, occurred during the rehearsals of "Quality Street." She did not like the lighting of a certain scene. Instead of making a fuss about it, she came to the theatre the next day a little earlier than usual, borrowed a pot of paint and a brush from the scenic artist, unscrewed a few of the electric lamps from the footlights, and, seating herself on the stage with these various things about her, proceeded to put a coat of paint on the lamps, and was completely absorbed in this occupation when the other members of her company began to arrive.

Miss Adams never really studies a rôle in the sense of memorizing it. Long as the part of L'Aiglon is — longer than Hamlet — she never gave any special preparation

of this kind to it. She reads a new play when Mr. Frohman has selected one for her and studies it as a whole. Then she goes to her books for information concerning the period, place, architecture, costumes, etc. She devotes a great deal of time to the study of these phases of the play and gives little heed to the actual lines. They come to her seemingly without effort at rehearsal, and before the play is produced she has every word of the piece at her finger-tips. Her researches have placed her thoroughly en rapport with all the subject-matter of the piece, and she is thus enabled to feel and know what she is doing without blindly or half aimlessly groping through it, as would be the case if she had not obtained a complete mental grasp of the work.

From the time when "Maudie," then a little girl, appeared with Emmett in San Francisco until the present day, Miss Adams

has been on the stage, with the exception of a few school years in Salt Lake City during which she lived with her grandmother. Meanwhile her mother, an actress of excellent reputation, was travelling with theatrical companies.

The principal of the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute at the time Miss Adams attended it was Prof. J. F. Millspaugh, who now is President of the State Normal School at Winona, Minn. Of course Miss Adams was on the Institute register as Maude Kiskadden; and Professor Millspaugh, in writing to me about her school-days, expresses the wish that she had retained that picturesque name. But when she resumed the stage, Adams was a valuable stage asset for her on account of her mother's reputation. Moreover, mother and daughter have been together almost throughout Miss Adams's entire career.

"At the time I knew her best," writes Professor Millspaugh, with reference to Miss

Adams, "she was, I think, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, rather tall and slender, somewhat delicate in health, though I think seldom ill, of beautiful face and a charm of manner and personality that I still recall with great vividness and pleasure. Her ability as a student, though she was still in the grammar school, was excellent, and she was considered by her class-room teacher one of the best pupils, if not the very best, in a room which, as I remember, contained several very bright children.

"But it was in dramatic recitations that Maude displayed a native brilliancy that I have never seen approached by any other child, and very rarely by an adult. Her naturalness, simplicity, and naïveté were simply captivating. I do not know how her pieces were chosen, though I suspect that her teacher, who idolized her, and doubtless her mother, selected them; but they always

seemed to have been written for her particular use. One could never think of her impersonations as such; we were always in the immediate presence of the character itself, fresh, vivid, real. She did not appear to interpret another's personality; for the time she was that personality. The charm of it all was her total ignorance of her power; and so long as I knew her she remained the simple, beautiful, artless school-girl.

"Of course Miss Adams had an admiring circle of devoted friends, but she was always simply one of them, as loyal to them as they to her. Her teacher, Mary E. Moore (since deceased), a very keen, intellectual woman, was prompt to appreciate her pupil's genius and foresaw for her a great future, though she was strongly opposed to the stage. She hoped that the brilliant girl would continue her academic education and ultimately devote herself to literature; but of course she hoped

against hope. Maude Adams's training, her environment, her ideals, and, above all, her inborn talent, carried her to the only place where these could find realization.

"Only once since I knew her as a schoolgirl have I seen Maude Adams. That was as Babbie in Chicago. Of course I was delighted: her interpretation was masterful, her acting was brilliant, her art was superb. But during the entire performance I could not help thinking of a time when she did not know the meaning of the word 'interpretation,' when she was entirely artless, and when, instead of acting, she was just herself. Charmed as I was with Babbie, I am sure I liked Maude Kiskadden better."

What Professor Millspaugh says of Miss Adams's remarkable gift for dramatic recitation is significant, and is fully borne out by others who heard her at the time. One of her recitations, recalled by them as especially

effective, was about some bric-à-brac and relics supposed to belong to an old maid. The manner in which this slip of a schoolgirl reproduced the quaint idiosyncrasies of an elderly spinster, making a regular character study out of the recitation, charmed all who heard her. It was after this her teacher, Miss Moore, begged Mrs. Adams to have Maude educated for an instructor in elocution. "I am sure," said the dear lady, thinking she was holding out a most brilliant

Maude Adams

prospect, "she eventually will reach a position in which she can command a salary of at least from $1800 to $2000." Mrs. Adams hardly could repress a smile. She had an inkling of what her daughter's future was to be, for she knew that even while still a child, Maude always had taken her work most seriously. Two thousand a year — by no means to be sneered at. But, by comparison, Miss Adams's income from the stage is a fortune.

Nevertheless her mode of life is as simple as is her bearing toward her professional associates and friends. Her house in New York is a small English basement; it is, however, in an excellent location, between Fifth and Madison Avenues. She has had it "done over," but wholly with a view to comfort. Between the front door and the stairs she has had put in folding doors, making a little waiting-room, which, when the doors

are drawn, is completely shut off from the rest of the house. Beyond the doors is a hallway and beyond this Miss Adams's library, with her books and her desk. Except for the door and windows at the rear, bookshelves line the walls to a considerable height. It is not a large room, nor are the books overwhelming in number; but they are well chosen.

Miss Adams has a mildly developed fad for old books and old jewels and may be said to have shown zeal as a bibliophile so far as relates to Shakespeare and Napoleon. She cannot be said to have a passion along any of these lines, but she has a fine collection of Napoleonic bijouterie, and among her books are a splendid first edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and first editions of Dickens and Emerson. She owns all the known "lives" of Napoleon and many fine Shakespeare editions. A much prized possession is "Vecellio on Costume," in two volumes, published in 1598.

From this book her Juliet costumes were taken. She does not pretend to keep up with the torrent of present-day books. She prefers the old authors. Of the new she reads only just enough to keep up with the trend. It may be said that she knows what is between the covers of the few — the very few — good new books.

On the second floor of Miss Adams's house are the dining-room and the drawing-room. In the latter are a piano, a harp, a 'cello, and a guitar, rather a curious combination of instruments unless you play them all, which she does, — just a little on each. She allows nothing outside her profession to absorb her too much, and, with her, music again may be described as only a "mildly developed fad." At one time the harp had a pictorial and romantic attraction for her. She took lessons on it for three months and carried a harp all over the country during her first season with Drew, but

gave it up for the 'cello, which she prefers to any other instrument.

The same simplicity which prevails in her New York house characterizes her cottage at Onteora, in the Catskills, where she usually goes for a few weeks' seclusion before the opening of her season; and her Long Island home. In the structure she has built on this farm she has preserved the old farmhouse, and the additions have the substantial lines of the original. It is roomy, with large open fireplaces and many windows. During her absences a superintendent runs the farm for her, but when she summers there (instead of in France, as she did several years in order to perfect herself in the language) she rides all about the place, personally superintending the making of new roads, putting up new fences, and looking after the many other things that are to be done.

Miss Adams has remained unmarried. A

friend of mine, who of course must remain unnamed, lived at the same boarding-house with her and her mother when they first came to New York to play in "The Paymaster." He was greatly attracted by her and paid her much attention, escorting her and her mother to the theatre and back every night. Miss Adams accepted his attentions in a frank, friendly way. But when matters had gone along a little while Mrs. Adams took opportunity to say to him, "Mr. ——, it 's only fair to you that I should tell you you 're wasting your time. Maudie 'll never marry. She is too devoted to her art ever to think of such a thing." And so it seems.

ETHEL BARRYMORE

ETHEL BARRYMORE

THEL BARRYMORE is essentially girlish, — girlish in her love of pretty clothes; girlish in her enthusiasm for authors, artists, and people; girlish in spirits; girlish in her love of fun and pleasure; girlish in her years, which have been twenty-three. She is an actress because she cannot help herself, even if she would stay the hand of heredity. Her father, Maurice Barrymore, was formerly an actor; her mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, was an actress; her brother, Lionel, is an actor. Her uncle, John Drew, is the actor we all know of that name. Her grandmother, the famous Mrs. John Drew, is one whose memory every theatre-

goer cherishes; and her grandfather, "John Drew the elder," was considered the best Irish comedian on the American stage. "I just had to be an actress, don't you see?" laughingly says Miss Barrymore. "What else could I be?"

Charmingly girlish on the stage, she is equally so when she is away from the footlights. She is, practically, the same "off" as "on" the boards. As she dresses in her plays so she dresses in her home, — prettily but simply. For with all her girlishness she has a wise little head on her shoulders. And this shows in her ideas of dress. She always dresses well, yet rarely expensively. "It is the way a dress is cut and made and worn that makes it pretty," she says; "the material does n't matter much. Put good work into the most ordinary material and you have a pretty dress. I once had a dress made of hopsacking, — just the rough, common kind. I had it well made

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Ethel Barrymore in her Favorite White Costume

and well cut, and it was as much admired as any dress I ever had. Take this red corduroy I have on now. I could just as well have had it of red velvet. It would have cost much more. But I preferred it of corduroy; first, because it costs less, and, second, because I like to take an inexpensive material and make something pretty out of it."

Another point which this sensible girl carries out in her dressing is ab-

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Light and Shade

solute simplicity. She says: "It is n't always easy to get a dress simple, I know, but when you do, just see what you have: the most artistic thing you can get in the way of a gown. Really, I just hate conspicuousness in dress. It is not only vulgar, to my way of thinking, but it makes a girl look so stupid. Honestly, it does. I know lots of girls who would look perfectly charming if their dresses were more simply made. But they put a lot of fussy things on them, and they spoil their dresses and their own looks. For no girl ever looks well in a fussy dress, — at least, none of the girls that I know, and I know lots. On the other hand, a perfectly simple dress, well made, always makes a good-looking girl the more charming, and makes a homely girl look better."

Miss Barrymore's whole philosophy of the art of pretty dressing is that "it is just as easy to dress well as it is to dress badly, if a girl will only be simple." For several years she

wore only black and white. She had thought over the matter carefully and decided that it was the easiest way to dress inexpensively and at the same time well. Think of that as a sensible decision for a young girl. Her dresses were absolutely simple, and yet were the envy of every one who saw them. They fitted her youthful, girlish style of beauty so well, and, as a result, were completely becoming. She rarely wears a shirt waist, preferring complete suits of the same material. A short time ago she had a simple dress of lavender, with plain collar and cuffs of white, which was charming in its effect. She always has several simple dresses of this sort in her wardrobe. Miss Barrymore employs a first-class dressmaker, but her taste is her own; and before she had risen so high in her profession she had to make her dresses herself, and so she thoroughly understands what she asks of her dressmaker. She believes that every girl should dress to

suit her own individuality, and not wear this and that kind of gown because she saw this and that kind of person look well in it. Accordingly she draws a design for every gown that is made for her, to show the dressmaker just how it is to be "built." In the same manner she plans all her own stage costumes, proceeding on the principle that in a modern rôle the costumes should not be a bit more emphatic or conspicuous than those worn off the stage. It was she herself, with her girlish yet artistic taste, who decided on the white scheme of dress she uses in "The Country Mouse." Every costume she wears in this play is an exquisite white dress, and every one of these costumes she planned herself. She considered white appropriate to the simplicity (or assumed simplicity) of the roguish girl in the play.

Jewelry and trinkets in general have little attraction for her. On the other hand, she

loves lace and furs, and says that when she gets rich the accumulation of beautiful furs and old laces will be her hobby. It almost makes her purr when she speaks of sables.

But Miss Barrymore is not all "dress." As her

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A Quiet Corner

ideas about clothes show, this young girl has a mind, and she gives her mentality just as much attention as she does her wardrobe. Miss Barrymore's home is an apartment on West Fifty-ninth Street, New

York City, overlooking Central Park. If you walk through the lower end of the Park you can locate her apartment by the plaster cast of the "Winged Victory" in one of the windows of the sitting-room. The antique masterpiece stands there like a beacon to the homing-place of this girl. The room in which it is an ornament, and the adjoining music-room, are just such abiding-places as one might expect an art-loving girl to have, — and I use "art" in its broadest sense. Miss Barrymore is artistic in every fibre. Her love of music amounts to a passion. For eight years while she was at the Convent of Notre Dame in Philadelphia, where she was educated, she studied music with one of the Sisters, who was an accomplished musician; and she herself showed so much talent that she almost decided upon the career of a pianist, and the question of sending her to Germany to complete her musical studies and fit her for the

concert stage was seriously considered. Despite her passion for music, however, she herself decided against the step. "A woman,"

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At the Piano

she argued, "must play much better than any other woman in order to amount to anything."

Though she did not become a professional pianist, piano-playing still remains one of her greatest diversions. Often when she comes

home from the theatre at night, she sits down at her piano after a light supper and plays. One of the most prominent things on her piano is a volume of Brahms. She is familiar with the songs of Richard Strauss, the most advanced of all composers, from playing them over. "I saw Richard Strauss at a party in London last summer," she said. "He was sitting there just like an ordinary man listening to what was going on. But I felt," she added with girlish enthusiasm, "as if I were in the presence of a divinity." When she is in Boston she never misses a Boston Symphony matinée that her professional engagements will allow her to attend.

What she knows of German she picked up from playing Wagner's music dramas in the vocal scores and from hearing his works performed. On the music-rack of the piano, one day when I visited Miss Barrymore, there was an open score of "Tosca," Puccini's opera.

There was music all over the grand piano; on the sitting-room table was a set of Schumann's works — music, music everywhere. "It seems to me," she exclaimed, "that I have more music than any one else in the world. There is all this" — with a wave of the hand that took in both rooms — "and lots more in England."

Just as her enthusiasm for music leads her to hear as much of it as she can, even when she is "on the road," so her love for painting and statuary takes her to the galleries. She still goes into ecstasy over the Rembrandt which she saw in the Glasgow gallery. There, too, she saw Whistler's portrait of Carlyle, which she admires immensely. A reproduction of his famous portrait of his mother hangs in the sitting-room of her apartment, and another conspicuous picture there is the "Pearl Diver," from the Louvre. "I like it so much," she exclaims, "that I never cared to know

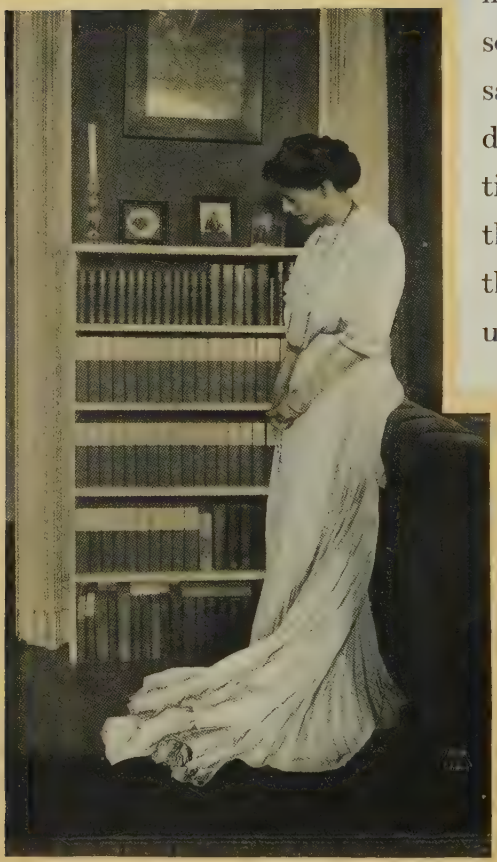
who did it!" In sculpture the "Winged Victory" is her special adoration. "It seems to swing through the world," is the way she describes the sense of movement with which it fairly thrills the beholder. The Venus of Melos is mentioned. "You never have seen it," she exclaims, "unless you have approached it by that long, dark passage at the end of which it stands, a thing of beauty and light, in the Louvre!"

When she talks about books and authors Miss Barrymore particularly reflects the enthusiasm of the girl. She "simply adores" George Eliot. She "worships" Robert Louis Stevenson. She has a "tremendous feeling" for Balzac. All around her, in her home, are books. And she says some entertaining and characteristic things in talking about them. For instance, she says she has never met a man who did not recognize himself in "Sentimental Tommy," especially in the Tommy

of "Tommy and Grizel." She admires Henry James from his first book to his last. Then she says she thinks his last could have been written in five pages, but is "so glad he preferred to do it in two volumes." She reads much of Turgenieff, "the only Russian writer who strikes me as international." All these enthusiasms are highly interesting, especially in the light of her greatest literary love, which is "Alice in Wonderland." This she takes with her wherever she goes. "I read 'Alice in Wonderland' every other day just to keep myself alive," is the way she expresses her love for the book.

Miss Barrymore has a healthy love of recreation. She has been the belle of several Yale "Proms," and is an exquisite dancer. In fact, dancing is in her estimation an art, not a mere accomplishment. She has really studied it, — that is, from an historical point of view, — and has a large volume treating of the dance from

antiquity to the present day, which she reads much. This is quite different from just "learning to dance" as a social grace. She says she sometimes dances while sitting in a chair; that is, she sits there and makes up dances.



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Ethel Barrymore in her Library

Her attitude toward "society" is exceedingly interesting for a young girl. In the beginning of her career, when she was not very busy, she

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Ready for a Walk

went out in society a good deal. But with increasing duties she has done so less and less. For the average society man and woman with their small talk and gossip she cares very little. Great "functions" with their formal demands do not attract her. But at the end of every season here she runs over to London, because "London is the greatest place in the world for complete relaxation." There she goes a great deal into society; for "they have been entertaining so many years there that they do it with less strain and formality than over here. I like to meet the men and women who 'do things,'" she says. "When you leave a dinner-table after meeting such people they have given you new views of life to think over, and have said lots of things worth remembering. That is the kind of society I like to move in."

When she returns to this country during the summer, she usually visits the Richard

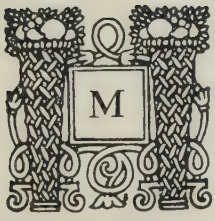
Harding Davises at Marion, Massachusetts. She is a warm friend of Mrs. Davis, and at her wedding was her only bridesmaid. At Marion she devotes herself to tennis and swimming, of which latter she is very fond. She runs down the beach, dashes into the water, swims out to an anchored boat, clambers up its side, and, after basking awhile in the sun, poises herself on the gunwale, and, like a flash, dives off and swims about, playing tag or splashing water over a friend with the palm of her hand. Her usual attire ashore is a simple sailor blouse and skirt. "You can't 'dress up' at Marion," she says, "because if you did the natives would die; it is such a primitive little place." From the Davises she is apt to go to the Maxfield Parrishes at Windsor, Vermont, where there is a settlement of artists and literary men. She has the highest admiration for Mr. Parrish as an artist, and thinks he and Howard Pyle are the lead-

ing figures in American illustrative art to-day. Mr. Parrish has designed her bookplate.

Such is the happy, girlish life of Ethel Barrymore. Hard work she has, for the work of the actress is full of fatigue, and many are the nights when this young girl comes home from the theatre glad of the rest which the night will afford, and glad of the following day of domesticity in the little home where she and her two brothers live together. When away from home her books and music are her company, for unlike the average actress she has not acquired the dog habit. Dogs she loves, — loves them so much that she cannot bear to keep any in the city. "But," as she says, "if ever I buy a country place it will be overrun with them." And so, in all her thoughts there is a sweet and tender note, — the note that belongs to the girl that Ethel Barrymore is, sweet and wholesome.

JOHN DREW

JOHN DREW



ORE than any other actor on the American stage, John Drew occupies what generally is understood under the term "a social position." He "moves in society" — whenever he has time to — and is welcome there.

One of the most frequently quoted passages from Emerson is that in which he tells of the Boston woman who said that the sense of being well dressed gave her a feeling of deeper tranquillity even than religion. Somewhat similar is an exclamation I once heard from a New York woman: "What would we do without the Bible and the 'Social Register'?" The "Social Register" is a book in which is given a list

of New York society people. It is impossible to buy one's way into it. There are millionaires' wives who for years have been gnashing their teeth because they do not see their names in print in it. Now if John Drew had a fixed residence in New York, his acknowledged social position undoubtedly would entitle him to a place in what aptly has been called the "Society Bible."

Drew is what is known as a "society actor;" and his personal knowledge of society and its ways has aided him greatly in acting and "dressing" society rôles. Just as women look up to certain actresses as models in the art of costuming themselves, and copy or try to copy them in their own attire, so to a host of men Drew is a glass of fashion and a mould of form, — though men do not set so much store by these things as women. However, a conversation I overheard between two "swell" youths shows that they are not wholly indif-

ferent to matters of this kind. They were talking about theatricals.

"Have you been to see John Drew?" asked one of them.

"No. Why?"

"He wears the longest tails to his dress coat that have ever been seen here."

"Then they must be the latest 'swagger' thing out. I'll go to see them to-night."

I do not consider Mr. Drew's social position a matter of such importance that it need be cried from the housetops. But it is interesting in his case because, while most people hunt for it and harp on it when they've attained to it, his real pride lies in his profession. Never has he turned his back on that or on its members. Never has he, for the sake of social connections, given up his friends in his own calling. That he has been entertained by So-and-So in Newport or had this and that or the other socially well-known person at his

daughter's "coming out" reception, does not mean nearly as much to him as the fact that he represents the third generation of Drews on the stage and his daughter the fourth. For after Miss Louise had been presented to society in due form, she followed the traditions of the family and went on the stage, becoming a member of her father's company. Miss Ethel Barrymore, who also is a great social pet, is another representative of the latest generation of Drews on the stage. She has Drew blood in her veins, her mother, the charming comedienne, Georgie Drew Barrymore, having been John Drew's sister. Thus Louise Drew and Ethel Barrymore are first cousins. Another clever young actress, Miss Mendum, also is Mr. Drew's niece.

It is his devotion to his profession which, together with his agreeable personality, makes John Drew one of its most popular members within its own circle. People hear a good

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On the Piazza, Easthampton

deal about the high-toned Players' Club; but the real typical actors' club is The Lambs'. No one is better liked there than Drew. He has held various offices and has been the "Little Boy Blue" and even the "Shepherd," the highest officer among The Lambs. Drew is various in his make-up. He is a society man and at the same time a man of domestic tastes, — yet withal has a dash of Bohemianism in his blood that has kept him just within right touch of his own profession on and off the stage. It is pleasant to see a man unspoilt by prosperity and flattery, retaining the respect and affection of his own. He has not only the "Drew blood," but also the Drew *esprit de corps.*

That is one reason he was so much pleased when his daughter decided of her own volition to go on the stage. For with every prospect of the lively and supposedly enjoyable life which a properly introduced girl can lead in New York society, the stage was her deliber-

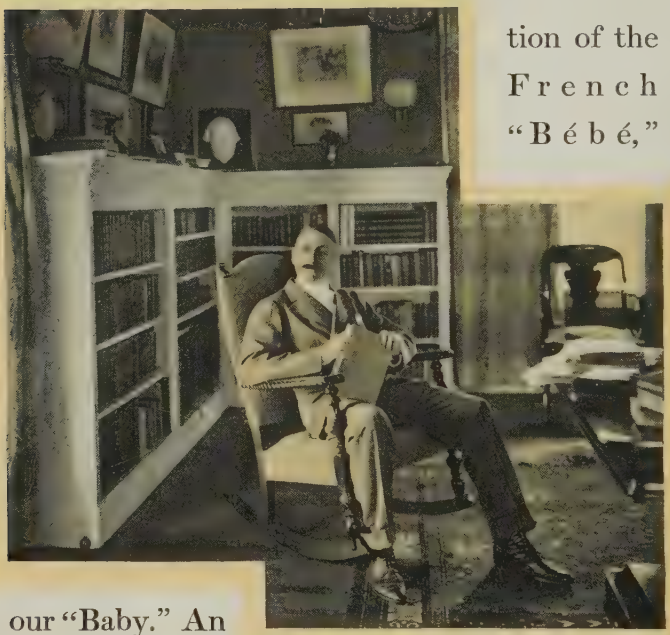
ate choice. "She is going to play with me when I go out 'on the road,'" said Mr. Drew to me in speaking of her. "She will be the fourth generation of Drews on the stage, *which is very nice.* A friend of mine, an architect, has a son who wants to go down to Pierpont Morgan's office and become rich soon, and my friend does n't like it. He wants his son to become an architect, like himself. But you cannot compel a man to follow a calling which he does not like. The stage, however, seems to have a certain hereditary fascination, — rather more so than any other profession, I should say."

Although John Drew is an actor, he has been singularly fortunate in having been able to gratify his taste for domesticity because his long connection with the late Augustin Daly's company kept him much in New York and enabled him to have a home there. Mrs. Drew was a Miss Josephine Baker. One of

her grandfathers was Mayor of Philadelphia. Her immediate antecedents, however, were theatrical. Her parents were on the stage; she herself was an actress, and a clever one, in rôles like Moya in "The Shaughran," when she married John Drew. Her brother, Lewis Baker, is a member of her husband's company. When Miss Baker became Mrs. John Drew, or soon afterwards, she left the stage. For a considerable time while Mr. Drew was able to lead a "fixed life" in New York, they occupied an apartment in Fifty-fifth Street. It was small, but they made it very artistic, attractive, and comfortable. Its furnishing was quiet and refined, — of the good old-fashioned kind. "Cozy," a word so often misused, applied to it with more than the usual degree of actuality.

There they lived with their daughter, then a mere child, who went, as she still does, with her parents and among her intimate friends, by the nickname "Bee." If it is asked

how the name "Louise" ever was converted into "Bee," the answer is that "Bee" is a contraction of the French "Bébé," our "Baby." An only child, no matter how old she grows, always is apt to remain the "Baby" of the family and of her own and the family friends. But that the Drews derived



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John Drew in his Library

their pet name for their daughter from the French has a certain significance, because French is a language almost as familiar in the Drew family circle as English. Mr. Drew is a very good French scholar. He not only reads French, but speaks it with ease. I remember one evening, during his engagement at Wallack's in "One Summer's Day," hearing him carry on a conversation in that language with a member of a well-known New York French-American family who had called on him in his dressing-room. When during the last Coquelin-Bernhardt tour in this country Mr. Drew gave a dinner to Coquelin the host conversed as fluently in the guest's native tongue as the guest himself. It was Monsieur Drew entertaining Monsieur Coquelin.

Mr. Drew acquired this accomplishment without a university education. He was not prepared for a university course. "Mother,"

he said in speaking of this, "did not think a university course stood much for individual development. I do not know that it would have assisted me in playing 'The Second in Command,' for instance. Perhaps there is something in the feeling of being a 'university man.' Yet we know of many dunces who come out of universities." His most advanced regular schooling was at the Protestant Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, and after that he took on some tutors and that sort of thing. He learned languages, got some taste of general literature, and even studied Socrates, but he went on the stage when he was nineteen.

During the years the Drews were regularly settled in New York they led a very agreeable life there. While Mr. Drew's professional work prevented him from entertaining much at the hours customary for social entertainments, he always made a point of having supper after the play in his own home, instead of

at any one of the restaurants frequented by fashionable theatre parties, and often he brought home one or two intimate personal friends with him. They were very pleasant little supper parties, informal but served in perfect taste.

Mr. Drew is a good talker. He has ideas and a clever way of expressing them. The meal and the "talk" afterwards generally were the substance and the sum of these suppers. Cards? No. Mr. Drew never learned to play them. Memorizing a rôle is easy for him. He is what is known in the profession as a "quick study." He remembers quotations and generally can place them; and things he read many years ago, if he read them carefully, he still retains. In fact, he is retentive at anything but cards. Thus he knows the rules of whist, but cannot remember how the suits fall as they are played. Nevertheless these supper sessions were not brief. For there is some

of the night owl in Drew; but he knows how to rest too. During the daytime, for instance, he cares little for entertaining or being entertained. Once some one said to him, "I suppose you never get to bed much before twelve o'clock." (This was putting it very mildly.) "No," answered Drew, with just a suspicion of sarcasm in the tone of his voice, "but on the other hand I don't get up much before half-past six."

About the only day the Drews had for dining out was Sunday. On other days Mr. Drew's professional engagements forbade that. They had frequent invitations during the week which for this reason they were obliged to decline. But Sunday dinner found them either hosts in their apartments or guests at some well-known house. Possibly it is not amiss to state that among the well-known New York families with whom the Drews are intimate are the Hewitts and the Brockholst

Cuttings. They often were asked to the Assembly Balls, which were among the most important social functions of the New York season, and they visit in Newport. They also have been made much of in England. Among others who entertained them there have been the present Dowager Duchess of Manchester (Consuelo Yznaga) and Lady Dorothy Nevil, the latter considered one of the brightest women in England. It may be again remarked in passing that Mr. Drew, the actor who above all others is received socially, who thus has done his full share toward bringing about the greater social recognition of the stage and the higher regard for it held by the world at large which is one of the signs of the times, and who is looked upon as the American "dress suit" actor *par excellence*, because of the ease and distinction with which he carries himself in society rôles, does not happen to be a society man who has broken in upon the stage; but

that, in him, an actor to the core, one of the third generation of a family of actors, and proud of it, has been made most welcome in "society."

Mr. Drew always has been fond of exercise and has kept himself in the best physical trim for his work. He belongs to the Riding Club, a rather exclusive organization in New York, and when he lived in the city, could be seen almost every day on the bridle-path in Central Park. When his daughter was old enough and had learned to ride sufficiently well to leave the ring, she usually accompanied her father. Her teacher was Mrs. Beach, who has had most of the Newport women as pupils in riding.

No parents could have been more careful in the bringing up of a child than have been the Drews with their daughter. Nothing has been omitted in her education. Part of the time her parents were living in New York

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John Drew and his Daughter ready for a Ride

they had her placed at an excellent private school and then at a convent in Philadelphia. When Mr. Drew was obliged to go abroad with the Daly Company, she went with her parents and they utilized the opportunity to place her at a convent school in Boulogne. She quickly became proficient in French and won a prize for an article in the convent paper. In order to give double pleasure to her parents, she told them nothing about it until she surprised them with the prize itself.

Since his appearance as a star, Mr. Drew's domestic life has been more or less broken up, although with every opportunity that has presented itself he has clung to it as tenaciously as possible; at the same time not allowing his having become somewhat of a rover to interfere in the least with the careful education of his daughter. She was sent to the noted "finishing school" of the Marquise San Carlos de Pedroso in Paris, a very high-

class school, to which many fine families of various countries send their daughters, and where Miss Drew made many charming friends. Having perfected herself in French at the De Pedroso school, she was placed for nearly a year in Dresden, where she studied German and music.

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John Drew, his Daughter, and their Pets

When she returned to New York in time for the season of 1899-1900, Mr. Drew's popularity as a star had enabled him to prolong his seasons in the city; and he had rented a furnished house in West Twenty-first Street. Here the Drews began entertaining again, their social circle growing

wider. One guest of their former New York home was, however, missed here. For Mr. Drew's distinguished mother, the elder Mrs. John Drew, who always had been made welcome at the Fifty-fifth Street apartment and was a not infrequent guest there, had since died. It was at the Twenty-first Street house Miss "Bee" was introduced to society at a tea given in her honor. Shortly afterwards she made a tentative appearance on the stage. Her father was playing Richard Carvel, and she took her début as the pretty Maryland girl, Betty Taylor. It was not, however, until the following season that she regularly went on the stage, joining her father's company when it left New York, and in the rôle of Nora Vining in "The Second in Command." Mrs. Drew also travels with her husband and daughter, so that, although "on the road," the family keeps together. In fact, with Mr. and Mrs. Drew, Miss Drew and

Mrs. Drew's brother, there is quite a family party.

For a man of fifty Mr. Drew is very young-looking, not only on the stage, where disguise is possible, but also off it in the garish and tattle-tale light of day. He is quick, mobile, and agile, — in fact, still so very much of the young man that there would be no occasion for the professional fib about age, even if he cared to take refuge behind it. The public makes little inquiry into a stage favorite's age until it becomes noticeable, and, like the famous Roman who would rather people expressed surprise that no statues were erected in his honor than because there were, it is better for an actor to have the public marvel that one of his age should look so young than that one so young should look so old.

Mr. Drew is not a strong man in the professional sense in which the term "strong man" now is employed. He does not lift

tables with his teeth nor balance grand pianos on his toes. His tables are put to the usual domestic uses, and his piano is there for his daughter to play. But he is a man of fine

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John Drew in his Study

physique and always has kept himself in good condition. He tells me he does not do this because of the strain imposed by modern theatrical conditions, — the two matinées a

week and the insistence of the public of to-day that an actor, no matter how popular, always shall be at the top notch, so that he always must key himself to give out the best that is in him, — but because he is fond of it. On this point he said playfully, "If I had to exercise to keep myself in condition I would shirk it. But I am fond of it, and I keep in pretty good shape anyhow. The condition of the stage is such that the men and women on it must keep in good physical trim to stand the strain. But I do not think they have such a hard time of it."

When he is in New York, besides riding in Central Park, he goes to the Racket Club, where he plays court tennis. This is a rattling good game and a hard game, as any one not in good condition who tries it soon finds out. But it is one of Mr. Drew's favorite forms of exercise in winter, when there is not much doing outdoors, and he is accounted a hard

man to beat. He is a capital fencer, and when the club had a fencing master often played with the foils.

Summer is his time out-of-doors. He is in the open air as much as possible. His cottage, which is quite new, is at Easthampton, L. I., and in this spot where lived John Howard Payne, the author of the immortal lyric, "Home, Sweet Home," the Drews have their ingleneuk. Unlike Southampton, one of its neighbors, and next to Newport and Bar Harbor, probably the best-known summer resort of society people in the United States, Easthampton is rather an unpretentious place. There are superb cottages at Southampton; Easthampton is more quiet in character. It was discovered by artists, and artists still frequent it and love it for its quaint and picturesque characteristics. At the same time there is enough society there to keep things going, and a run over to Southampton for

a Saturday evening dance at the Meadow Club is quite feasible. Moreover, it has a charming social centre in its own pretty Maidstone Club, with golf links sloping down from the outskirts of the village to the sea.

In fact, when all its aspects — picturesque, social, and artistic — are considered, Easthampton is just the sort of place a man of Mr. Drew's quiet and refined tastes would select for a residence which, perforce of circumstances, can be only a summer one. It is enough out of the world for him to "lay off" and find total relaxation in the absence of all formality, yet enough in the world for him to be of it when he wants to.

Outdoor exercise, however, is his chief summer devotion and outdoor exercise of the more exacting kind. The beautiful golf links of the Maidstone Club see comparatively little of Mr. Drew. Some years ago he took a lot of lessons in golf from a professional

in Chicago, and was a fairly good golfer. But he is not much of a golfer now. His interest in the game is waning, because — unlike other men of fifty — he does not

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John Drew

consider it strenuous enough. He shows his physical "fitness" in his preference for tennis, which he plays fast and well. Tennis is his game afoot, but riding is his favorite exercise. Formerly he rode to hounds a good

deal, but now he feels he cannot risk a rib or shoulder out, as he may not always have the part of a wounded officer to play, as in "The Second in Command." Accordingly he has rather dropped out of fox-hunting, and does not ride to hounds more than perhaps once of a summer, if there happens to be a pack at Shinnecock Hills near Southampton. But when he does, the old spirit revives in him, and he is as clean over his fences as any one in the field.

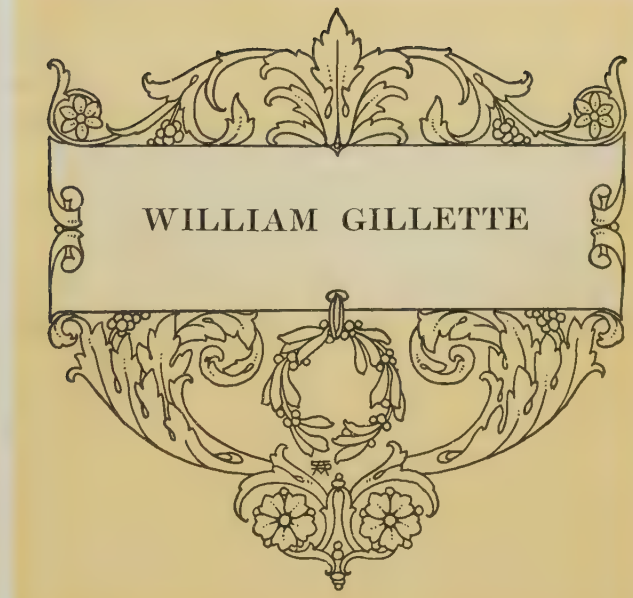
All the roads around Easthampton, however, know him well. He keeps three or four ponies down there, and constantly indulges his passion for riding, which his daughter shares with him; and it is the usual thing to see them out together. He also is a good swimmer, and can plunge through the surf and swim out with the youngest.

The Drew Cottage is quite unpretentious, a gray shingled house in Colonial style with

a large porch on one side and a commodious entrance hall, which also is the living room. "I presume you have a 'den'?" he was asked by some one who could not imagine any one of distinction getting along without something going by that much misused term. "I have a library in my cottage," was Mr. Drew's simple answer. He has, however, no fixed line of reading. He himself calls his reading desultory. "That is the kind of reading for an actor," he says, — "desultory — getting hold of everything one can find."

Mr. Drew treasures several relics which he keeps in his home. They include two large and beautiful silver cups which were presented to his mother and father many years ago; a silver ewer and two cups given to them by people of Philadelphia; and a portrait of his mother by Sully. He also values highly a silver set presented in California to Mr. and Mrs. Baker, his wife's father and mother.

A glimpse into Mr. and Mrs. Drew's refined home, a knowledge of their charming family life with their daughter, between whom and themselves there is the deepest devotion, goes far to explain why the occupation of the paragrapher who used to earn a living writing jokes about actors walking home on railroad ties, is gone.


WILLIAM GILLETTE

WILLIAM GILLETTE

ILLIAM GILLETTE, by reason of his distinguished ancestry, the standing of his family, and his bringing up, was in a position to fit himself for any career. He deliberately chose the stage.

He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, July 24, 1855, in the old Gillette place, now occupied by his sister, Mrs. George Warner, a sister-in-law of the late Charles Dudley Warner. There Mr. Gillette still reserves a "den." This he occupies on his occasional visits to Hartford. His "den" is his "home," so that he still has an abiding-place among his own people and in the house of his birth.

The roomy old house stands in among glorious old trees, far back from the street, and in the best-known part of Hartford usually referred to as "Nook Farm," after the residence made noted by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Next door to the Gillette place is the Charles Dudley Warner residence; near by, "Mark Twain's" former house; while just over the way is the Isabella Beecher Hooker place. It was amid such surroundings "Will," as all his old Hartford friends call Mr. Gillette, spent his youth.

His father, Francis Gillette, was a remarkable character, — a stern man of few words, who seldom said anything on any subject, but when he did, meant business. His boys would no more have ventured to argue with him, if he requested them to do something which they did not very well like, than they would have argued with a thunder-storm. A lifelong friend of William Gillette's has related to

me how William once attempted to tell his father a lie in order to avert severe corporeal punishment, which he felt sure would follow a statement of the truth regarding a certain episode of his conduct, but found when his

Photographed by the Warner Photo. Co.

The Gillette Homestead, Hartford

father looked at him that he could not do so. The consequence was, that in spite of himself he told the truth and got the thrashing. Francis Gillette was educated at Yale, and afterwards studied law, but before he practised to any extent was mixed up in politics and inter-

ested in reforms of various kinds, with the result that he did not continue his professional career. He was one of the first of the anti-slavery men in the North and an associate of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and others. His house was several times stoned by mobs in those exciting times, and he himself narrowly escaped personal attack there on various occasions. But it made no difference with him or his behavior.

He was sent to the U. S. Senate and was in Washington at the most disturbed period of the antislavery discussions. One affair there, growing out of the Fugitive Slave Law, nearly cost him his life. Three escaped negroes were being pursued through the streets of Washington, and were hidden in houses by their few sympathizers. But the mob and the officers were on their track, and it was evident that their pursuers soon would be able to find them, as several blocks of houses where they

were supposed to be concealed had been surrounded.

Francis Gillette was going through the streets and was an indignant spectator of this man hunt, when he received word through a trusted messenger that if the mob could be diverted for a few moments, they would be able to get the negroes out of the city. He immediately jumped on to the porch of a house, and began a most violent harangue in favor of antislavery, rebuking in the most scathing terms the men who were in pursuit of the negroes. The result of it was that a crowd soon began to gather round and, as they became more and more excited, they got ropes and determined to hang him on the spot. In five minutes he had drawn the entire mob around him and they had become so violent that the few police who had assembled were unable to handle them. The mob leaders put a rope around the senator's neck and started

to drag him to a lamp-post in order to string him up. In the mean time the hunted negroes had been gotten out of the way successfully, and were hustled over the line out of the City of Washington. The only thing that saved Francis Gillette from an abrupt ending to his career was the arrival of a squad of police just as the order was given to string him up.

The Gillettes have been of stern stuff even from before Francis Gillette's time. Two of them, ancestors of William Gillette in direct line, served in the Revolutionary War, one of them being killed in the battle of Trenton. William Gillette's own brother Robert was killed at the storming of Fort Fisher in the terrific charge over half a mile of level sand. Among the articles found on Robert's body was a shattered watch. Many years later William Gillette had the fragments of this timepiece put together; and if you ask the hour, the watch he draws out is the very one

Photographed by Frank Warner

William Gillette

his brother wore when he led his command across the shot and shell swept plain in front of Fort Fisher. Another brother died in the army, and when William's father drove him to the station on his first leaving home to try a theatrical career, he said, "Well, William, I have taken two sons to this station, and they never have returned; I trust you will prove an exception to the rule." That was all he said when William left home to go to St. Louis, where he made his first effort to get on the stage.

Yet even that much was considerable for a man of Francis Gillette's temperamental reserve to say. The son appreciated it and remembers it to this day whenever he wishes to give a characterization of his father. He had another reason to feel kindly toward him. The elder Gillette wished the young man to become a lawyer. Yet, as Mr. Gillette has told a friend, his father was the one member of the

family who did not raise a strong objection when his son decided to go on the stage. With his usual reserve he said nothing at all on the subject, but the young man felt on starting out that he had his father with him. Later, when he found himself stranded in New Orleans, it was his father, though he ill could afford it, who sent him the money to get back to Hartford, and when he reached home, while no fatted calves were slaughtered, his reception was all right.

The characteristics of the father are well worth bearing in mind in considering the son, for Francis Gillette's personality has left its mark upon William. Not only has the latter shown true New England grit and tenacity of purpose throughout his career, but none, save his most intimate friends, have been able to penetrate the reserve which, like a veil, hides the real gentleness and humanity of his nature from a mere casual acquaintance. It

will be remembered that in his best-known stage creations, notably "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes," a certain austerity of mien and action hides the deep love that shines forth in the end.

Doubtless, some of the gentler aspects of his nature come to him from his mother. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Daggett Hooker. Like Francis Gillette, she was a descendant of the earliest white settlers of Massachusetts. Thomas Hooker, who drew up the first civil constitution for the Commonwealth, which afterward was taken as a model for the Constitution of the United States, was her direct ancestor four or five generations back. He participated in the early settlement of Hartford.

In whatever affectionate remembrance William Gillette holds his father, his mother always came first with him. She was a tiny, delicate little creature, and he always had such an air of care and love and devotion toward

her that it was very beautiful to see them together.

That William Gillette's adoption of the stage was the result of natural impulse is the opinion of those who knew him as a boy. As one of the most widely known New England divines, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, D.D., puts it, " Will Gillette was a born actor. The first time I ever saw him in that character was in a play he, with other lads, performed in his father's house, when he was no more than twelve years old, before a Ladies' Benevolent Society of the church of which I am pastor."

Before that, when he was about eleven, he had astonished his family by rigging up a miniature theatre. It was made of a large box with the front cut out and the top taken off. In the front he built a proscenium about three feet high and of much the same width, with drop curtain, borders, etc. He had foot-lights, which were small candles arranged on

a frame underneath so that they could be operated up or down, and thus he got the lighting effects which he had seen in real theatres. The scenes slid in from the top,

Photographed by Warner Photo. Co.

The "Den" at the Homestead

and he had a great deal of real enjoyment in painting these scenes himself and arranging everything to work properly. The various characters in the plays, or whatever else he produced, were worked in a number of ways. Some were suspended by very fine black

thread or wire, and others, when the nature of the scene would allow it, were worked from below. The first thing he gave in this theatre was a minstrel performance. The curtain rang up on what is known as the "first part;" that is, the entire company seated in a semi-circle with various instruments. These minstrels in this particular scene were worked both ways. Some fine wires from above would work the arms and hands, in order to give them the appearance of playing their various instruments, and then he gave them various motions from below and behind as well. In this instance all the wires and threads above were attached to a single piece, so that he could work them in unison, as he did not have enough hands to work each character and manage the other business required in the scene.

He imitated various instruments with his mouth, and also worked bells and imitations

of tambourines with his feet. After the opening overture each one in the semicircle would stand up in turn and sing a song or do something else appropriate to the occasion. Also between these musical selections the end men would carry on a supposedly funny dialogue with each other and the interlocutor. This dialogue was the part which the boy Gillette liked most. After this part of the show was over, sketches were introduced in which characters went on and off and various catastrophes happened. The next performance in this miniature theatre was a real theatrical performance with plays which Gillette himself wrote for the occasion and which were received with considerable applause. Two or three years later the boy organized a juvenile company among his friends, built a stage in the large attic of the Gillette house and gave performances there.

Though these youthful efforts on the stage and at playwrighting may not be classed as

more than boyish diversions and attempts, their bearing upon the career of the future actor and dramatic author must be considered as highly important. During the younger years mind and feelings are more plastic than during later periods of life, and in a crude way William Gillette was as a "kid" gaining a technical facility in expression and writing which must not be undervalued. A young fellow who exercises any talent of this kind at all goes at the thing in a very straight and direct way, — by the shortest cut, — and this may be the reason a Gillette play has about the least possible amount of dialogue, the author realizing that "situation" counts for more than the spoken word.

Young Gillette did not go directly on the stage after his school years. He first tried the entertainment platform. He gave public readings and recitations, including costume imitations of various actors, among them Booth, the

elder Sothern, John T. Raymond, and Jefferson. From his father, who in the Senate had heard Webster's reply to Hayne, and who was highly adept in reproducing the voice,

Photographed by the Warner Photo. Co.

Deck View of the "Aunt Polly"

gesture, and mannerism of any one by whom he had been impressed, William had picked up some capital imitations of some of the great statesmen of the day, and these he also introduced in his programs.

After several seasons on the platform, Gillette finally determined to get away somewhere and go on the stage. He had money enough to take him to St. Louis, where he tackled Ben de Bar, who was the manager of a theatre there and of another in New Orleans. De Bar would not have anything to do with him at first; but Gillette was desperate, and, when the manager turned away, hung on to him and actually turned him around again, expostulating that he simply must be allowed to join the company, and that he did not want any salary whatever. This was a "whopper," but it did the business, for the pecuniary part of it interested the manager. As a result, Gillette was engaged for small parts at the old St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, and it was there he made his actual stage début.

Next season, through the influence of Mark Twain, he secured a minor position in John T. Raymond's company for the New York sea-

son, and, during that time, he attended lectures at the New York University. In 1874, as a member of the Globe Theatre Company, Boston, the illness of Harry Murdoch secured him a chance to play Prince Florian in "Broken Hearts." An eye-witness, and a critical one, of that performance, tells me that while it was awkward, it was curiously interesting. At all events, it made an impression and gave Gillette some standing. When the play was put on again, later in the season, he was allowed to retain the rôle, although Murdoch was perfectly well. The management explained that it was traditional, when an understudy went on and played a part, to let him have it at a later production. This was one of the few stage traditions that appealed to Gillette at that time as the proper thing. During this engagement, the daytime saw him at Boston University and the Institute of Technology.

For two seasons thereafter, he acted with the Macaulay Stock Company in Cincinnati, occasionally going over to Louisville for a week. Near the end of the second season, Kate Claxton came to Cincinnati with "The Two Orphans." He played the comedy part so acceptably that she offered him an engagement for a travelling season, and "as Macaulay was not paying salaries at that time," Gillette accepted.

It was during his connection with the Macaulay company he wrote his first play for the professional stage, "The Professor." He was several years getting it produced, until Mark Twain, for old acquaintance' sake, again came to his aid. I was present at the first performance of "The Professor," which also had the added importance of presenting Gillette for the first time in a leading rôle in a metropolitan theatre.

It was at the Madison Square in 1881.

Gillette was capital in his droll personation of the whimsical, near-sighted professor who, after all, wins the love of the heroine, charmingly played by poor Georgia Cayvan. It was not long before Gillette was heard of again. For at the same house I attended, in the following October, "Esmeralda," the joint work of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and himself.

Here I simply would give a list of Mr. Gillette's principal plays, were it not for an incident showing how the canny New Englander now and then crops out in him. Under the title of "Digby's Secretary," he made an adaptation of Von Moser's "Bibliothekar." Charles Hawtrey, the English actor, made another version, "The Private Secretary," to which A. M. Palmer secured the American rights.

In 1884 both versions had their first performance on the same night in New York, Mr. Palmer's at the Madison Square, Mr.

Gillette, with himself in the leading rôle, at the Comedy. Mr. Gillette rang up his curtain at 8 P. M.; Mr. Palmer at 8.15 P. M., — Mr. Gillette, it will be observed, a quarter of an hour earlier than Mr. Palmer. Both versions were successful. One afternoon, a year and a half later, Mr. Gillette walked into Mr. Palmer's office and announced that Mr. Palmer owed him a year and a half royalties on "The Private Secretary." The ground? Gillette's *priority* of production, — that ringing up of the curtain a quarter of an hour earlier. You may be sure an astute manager like Mr. Palmer would not have yielded an inch had Gillette simply been "putting up a bluff." But the final result was that a new version was made of the best portions of both plays, and, with William Gillette in the leading rôle, "The Private Secretary" successfully toured the country.

Among Gillette's best-known plays are

"Held by the Enemy," "Too Much Johnson," "Secret Service," and "Sherlock Holmes." "Too Much Johnson" was a failure at first. It was winding up its brief career with a last two weeks in Brooklyn, when the failure of a production at a New York theatre called for a stop gap there. "Too Much Johnson" was brought across the river, ran the whole season, and went on the road a prosperous enterprise. The romantic story is told that while battling with illness in a cabin in the North Carolina woods one winter, Gillette wrote the play which made him famous, "Secret Service." But if any one had chanced to look into the library of the Players' Club, New York, one summer, he would have seen, almost any time, William Gillette seated at a desk writing; and it was then and there the greater part of "Secret Service" was written.

A friend of Gillette's, C. W. Burpee, of Hartford, has kindly gone to considerable trouble

to give me some glimpses of the pleasure his occasional homecomings give to his relations and friends there. It is true he does not often find opportunity to revisit the home of his boyhood; but that he still has a warm spot in his heart for a home, is shown by the way he arranges his rooms in hotels, and even his dressing-rooms at the theatres. He always carries with him reminders of his home friends and his home life, and his valet quickly learns that good places for these reminders, whatever his quarters, are deemed by Mr. Gillette as of as much importance as good places for his utilitarian belongings.

Then, between the acts, or while others of the company are hurrying away for a little recreation, he will sit down among these reminders and write one of his inimitable letters to the "folks at home," to whom they come like rays of sunshine. If he has time for but a word, he will enclose some clever or amusing

newspaper clipping, occasionally with humorous side notes.

His sister and her family at the old homestead in Hartford are ever in his mind. There are daily tokens of this. When he is across

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The Salon on the "Aunt Polly"

the water, these tokens often take the shape of long cablegrams. Incidentally, Gillette never did seem to have any appreciation of the cost of telegraphing; oftentimes he will wire a fairly long letter when a few words or

the post might have sufficed. He does everything on a generous scale.

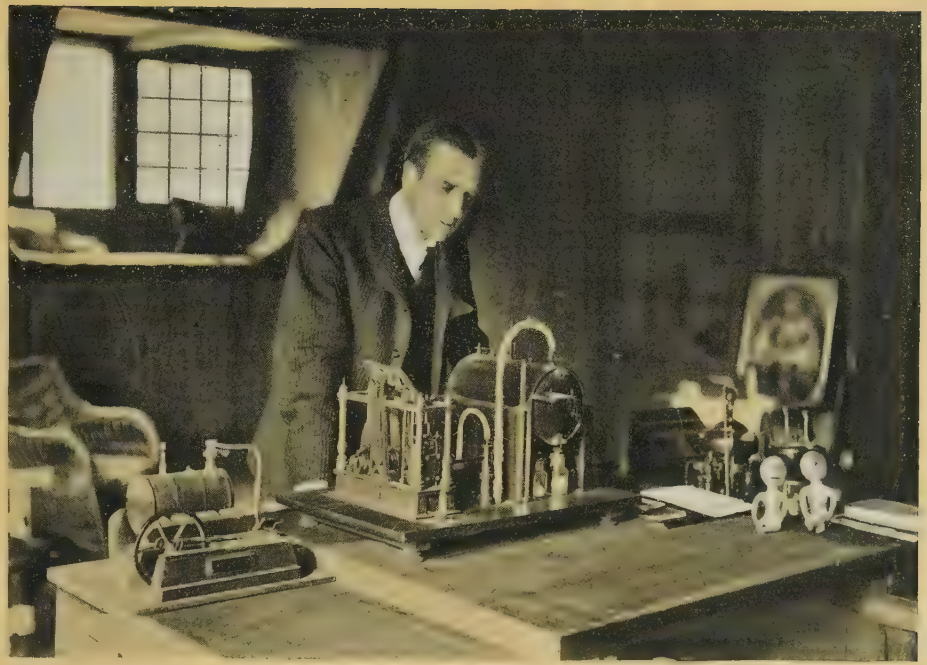
Then what joy there is at the beautiful old homestead when he returns! He walks in, the same Will Gillette he is on the stage, dissipating all humors of mind and body, and carrying every soul along with him for a round of pleasure and happiness while he is in the house. During these brief vacations he likes best to give himself up entirely to the family. He sees so much of the world the rest of the twelve months that he counts these few hours precious in the society of those dearest to him. If at times he has to resort to cunning to defend the hours from the hosts of friends and admirers and stage aspirants who try to seek him out in his home, he is to be commended for it. He loves company and always is genial; but there are moments which he feels he has a right to dispose of as he will.

Gillette does n't throw away restraint when

he enters his home; for he never appears to have any, in the cold sense. He is free and light-hearted as a schoolboy, full of quips and pranks and funny anecdotes. Withal he is courtly, in the good old meaning of the days of chivalry. The tender side of his nature has full sway. He adores his sister as a young man adores his sweetheart, and to her children he ever has stood as the fairy-tale prince, only real. He 's all realism. Realism with him is nature, and what glimpses of this nature one obtains before the footlights are genuine, as is apparent where he gives himself up absolutely to his nature, in his own home. Withal, however, there 's one thing he can't be induced to do, and that is to talk about himself or his affairs. He is as close-shelled as an oyster,— a mighty good-natured oyster. No, what he wants when he gets home is to learn what the others have been doing, and how they have been faring, and he is so busy asking ques-

tions about that, that there's no time for him to talk about his own experiences, save, of course, an occasional droll incident, told merely to keep up the general merriment. Let a home friend come to the table preoccupied, his mind full of the cares of life, and put out by petty annoyances, and the moment Gillette appears it's all laughter and sunshine. He is a tonic. If he had nothing else to win the love of people, that alone would be enough.

He can't sit still long at a time, even when he is at work. If he goes up to his den on the top floor for a few hours' writing, he soon can be heard moving about and singing, and the family know that he is looking over some of the idols of his boyhood. His den is full of specimens of his skill with carpenter's tools, from the table and its quaint chair to the novel window-seats. And on a stand near by is a complete engine he made when a boy, along with knick-knacks of all sorts. His brain is



Photographed by Warner Photo. Co.

The Engine built by Gillette when a Boy

ever active. While he is writing a play, he probably is designing a boat at the same time ; or, if he is wandering carelessly around the grounds, under the old trees he loves so tenderly, that whistling is not idle, it probably is some air that he is composing.

He is simple in his habits. His food is of the plainest. Nevertheless, he is particular about it. He prefers bread to the choicest meats ; but it must be a particular kind of bread, — that is, particularly plain and wholesome. There is no use in killing any fatted calf when he comes home ; he would rather have crackers and cheese, if the right kind of crackers and the right kind of cheese. But his preferences are learned only by observation ; he never is heard to express them, and he will appear as happy over a splendid dinner that he will hardly touch, as over a saucer of shredded wheat. In his dress there is the same simplicity, but always with good taste.

By his spirits you would think that he enjoyed the best of health, yet, since his severe illness a few years ago, he has been heir to many of the ills of the flesh. Your only path to that conclusion, however, is through his diet and his general habits, for outwardly he is all good feeling. He comes home to rest; the family know that, as a matter of course, but never from anything he may say. If any one remarks he looks tired, or must be worn out, he laughs at them.

He is quick at repartee, and appreciates a jest. Sometimes he may be teasing toward his intimates, but it's teasing of a kind that causes a bubbling laughter. There are no barbs on his arrows. And when all is said, the most impressive thing about his home life, the one phase of his character which you will observe when he least thinks that he is being studied, is his thoughtfulness for others, especially the aged and all those

of whom the rest of the world is likely to be forgetful.

Mr. Gillette is a widower. He was devoted to his wife, and is devoted to her memory. The illness which took him to Tryon, N. C., is believed to have been largely due to his grief over her loss. He buried himself in the pine woods, and all the natives saw of him was the figure of a gaunt, silent man passing along the road from his cabin to the village and back. One day, however, he fell in a faint by the roadside and was taken into one of the cabins. This incident broke the ice between him and the natives, with many of whom he soon became good friends. His houseboat, the "Aunt Polly," is named after one of the "characters" at Tryon.

This houseboat is a great source of recreation to the actor whenever he spends a summer in this country. He had another before this. She steered badly, and nearly falling

foul of some canal boats in the Hudson, one of the canallers yelled out that the craft was a "holy terror." Mr. Gillette promptly named her the "Holy Terror." She was a queer-look-

William Gillette's Houseboat, the "Aunt Polly"

ing affair. On one occasion when approaching a drawbridge in the Connecticut River, the keeper of the bridge hailed her.

"Where from?"

"New York."

"When?"

"July fourth."

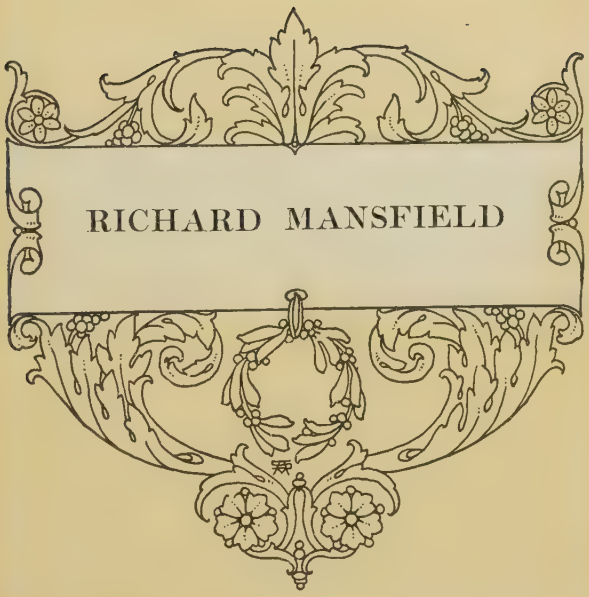
"What century?"

The "Aunt Polly," however, is a staunch, sea-going hull, with powerful engines and capable of high speed. She is a houseboat only in the sense that slender lines have been sacrificed to roomy, sensible, comfortable cabin accommodations. Only a few very intimate friends accompany Mr. Gillette on his cruises. Once he put in at Provincetown, Mass., and went ashore. He met two boys who were going fishing. He began talking with them. Instead of continuing on their way to the shore, they followed him about. Other boys joined them, and after a while a troop of youngsters were in his wake.

"I thought you were going fishing," said one of Gillette's friends to one of the first two boys.

"He 's better than any fishing," they answered, pointing to the actor. Then the friend told them who Gillette was. "We don't care who he is," they exclaimed. "All we know is, that he 's just *the* thing."

Many people consider Gillette a cynic; but his relations and his intimate friends know him in a wholly different light. To them he is one of the most lovable of men.


RICHARD MANSFIELD

RICHARD MANSFIELD

AN you imagine Richard III. or Henry V. quailing before the "hist!" of a baby's nurse? Yet I have seen the Duke of Gloster as frightened at that warning as when he staggered across Bosworth Field shrieking, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" and bluff Harry as disconcerted as if at Agincourt the Frenchmen had been at his heels instead of he at theirs.

True, it was neither the real Richard nor the real Henry, but the greatest living impersonator of both, Richard Mansfield; and the scene was neither Bosworth nor Agincourt,

but the hall of the Mansfield residence on Riverside Drive, New York. The actor had seen nurse enter with baby in her arms, and had rushed forward with a paternal "Ah! Was it my dear little —" Then the indignant "hist" from nurse and the utter rout of the impersonator of a long line of heroes. For the nonce nurse ruled supreme, or was it King Baby, even though asleep and gently breathing beneath his veil of fine white tulle?

George Gibbs Mansfield, with his round baby face and dimpled hands, is a mighty personage in the Mansfield household. At the age of three, he already has mastered one rôle, that of miniature tyrant; and the person he most lords it over is "Papa." For instance, "Papa" is at his table in his study deeply immersed in the manuscript of "Beaucaire." One of the pages he has read becomes loose and flutters to the floor. He is only

half conscious of its flight, and he is too absorbed in the new play to put down the manuscript, lean over, and pick up the stray leaf. He goes on reading.

Suddenly there is a crisp, crinkly sound on the floor. The actor pauses a moment and looks down. There is a figure on its hands and knees, and one of the hands is just closing on the edge of the leaf.

"No! No! Georgie!"

The little hand draws back. In a moment "Papa" once more is absorbed in the manuscript. That crisp, crinkly sound again.

Papa more severely: "*No! No!* Georgie!"

Again the manuscript; again the sound. Papa, trying to be very angry, a rôle he can act perfectly on the stage, but at which he is an utter failure between the four walls of his own home: "Georgie, didn't I tell you not to touch that? What do you mean by being so naughty?"

A little face looking up, two lips parted in a roguish smile, and issuing from between those lips, two words: "Teasing Papa!"

Good-bye, "Beaucaire"! Who cares what becomes of you? A small fortune already is invested in scenery and "properties," but what of that? He who is to handle your sword and sport your cockade, is scampering about the room on hands and knees playing "bow-wow" with a baby boy!

Richard III., Henry V., and Cyrano have done other curious things at the behest of Georgie. History does not record that either the villain of the hump, the hero of Harfleur, or the long-nosed Gascony poet and campaigner was of a mechanical turn of mind. Yet their impersonator, having removed the hump, put the crown on a shelf, and the nose in storage, has been known to repair successfully a broken-down "choo-choo" train — of course for Georgie. Here is a scene as

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Richard Mansfield and his Wife and Son

enacted on Riverside Drive in front of the Mansfield house.

The park of which the drive is a feature falls rather abruptly to the Hudson, which is skirted by a railroad. The actor and his boy are strolling along the walk at the edge of the high bank, the actor accommodating his usually brisk gait to the little fellow's short steps. A train puffs by below. An idea suddenly occurs to Georgie. He withdraws his chubby hand from his father's hold, places his elbows to his sides and toddles ahead, working his little arms like piston rods and ejaculating, "Choo-choo! choo-choo!"

He comes to a sudden stop. His father catches up with him, expecting to take his hand and stroll along again. But no such thing for the little fellow. "Train broken," he says.

The actor takes a few steps, holding a hand back of him, waiting for a little hand to be

placed in it. But a voice repeats more emphatically, "*Train broken!*" and then adds imperiously, "Papa mend it!" Here is a nice situation, but the actor's stage-training comes to his rescue. With a perfectly sober face he walks back to where Georgie stands immovable, takes his cane as if it were a screw-driver, makes a few passes in which he goes through the movements of tightening up a few screws and adjusting a bolt or two. "Now, Georgie," he says, "train's mended," and off starts Georgie, "Choo-choo, choo-choo!"

The boy's mind seems to run to railroads. "Papa," he said recently, "you're a steam engine."

"But my son—" the actor began protesting.

"Hush, papa! Steam engines don't talk."

What I want to call attention to is the fact that in both little scenes the child displayed as pretty an imagination as the actor. He knew

perfectly well that he was not a broken-down train, and that the repairs made by his father were "make believe;" also that his father was

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Teaching Georgie to ride

not a steam engine. But having "created" a "situation," he acted it out to the last detail. Evidently he has inherited some of the actor's imagination. I am told that if at table he asks

for an apple, out of the order of the menu, it is only necessary to make believe take an apple from the dish and go through the motion of handing it to him, to have him perfectly satisfied. If the wants of the average child could be so easily supplied, what a simple and inexpensive matter a family ménage would be. But George Gibbs Mansfield is not even the exception that proves the rule. He has a good healthy appetite, and soon would be heard from if an attempt were made to satisfy it too often with edibles of the "make-believe" variety.

The Mansfield baby is named after Georgia Gibbs, a daughter of the late Edwin S. Gibbs, who was prominently connected with a large New York life insurance company. Mrs. Mansfield is an intimate friend of the family, and around the Gibbs country seat at Rye, N. Y., cluster some of the most romantic memories of the actor's life. For Beatrice

Cameron was visiting here during the summer Mr. Mansfield was courting her. The actor lived at Portchester, and together they took long drives through the country with its picturesque vistas of Long Island Sound and woodland roads — regular "lovers' lanes" — in the interior.

Miss Cameron was Mr. Mansfield's leading woman for several seasons before he married her. They first met when she joined his company and was cast for Florence in "Prince Karl," making a decided hit in the rôle. "Mansfield is delighted with his new leading woman. He thinks she has a great future," is a sentence from a personal letter written about this time by one of the actor's friends. Mr. Mansfield's high opinion of his wife's ability as an actress has never changed. He still thinks she plays Florence, Raina in "Arms and the Man," Lady Anne in "Richard III.," Mrs. Anderson in "The Devil's Disciple,"

and Norah in Ibsen's "Doll's House," better than any one else.

After Georgie's birth Mrs. Mansfield retired from the stage. During the second "Cyrano" season many of her friends urged her to reappear, but her reply was, "No, my place is in our home with our child." Finally, however, even Mr. Mansfield joined in the solicitations, and she yielded so far as to consent to make a single appearance. As a tribute to her, her husband broke the run of "Cyrano" for a night, which, with the heavy scenery to be gotten out of the way and the disarrangement of the cast, means more than the uninitiated might suppose, and revived "Arms and the Man" for one performance at the Herald Square Theatre, Mrs. Mansfield playing Raina, one of her most notable rôles. The house was packed, and she received an ovation — and no one was more tickled with her success than her husband.

But although Mrs. Mansfield has not been seen on the stage since that one performance of George Bernard Shaw's play, she is sure to be present at the "first night" of a new production by her husband in New York. The play over, a scene not on the program is enacted. Usually some of the Mansfields' intimate friends are in the audience, and these are invited to wait after the performance and go back behind the scenes with Mrs. Mansfield. Suppose it is the first night of "Beaucaire." It is after the final curtain. The star has made his little speech of thanks, and the audience is filing out — all save a favored few. The actor retires to his dressing-room; the stage is "struck." The Louis XV. carpet used in a scene of the play is spread over the floor, and big candelabra are placed about. Some fifteen or twenty friends are conducted behind the scenes by Mrs. Mansfield, and soon Mr. Mansfield appears. He has put on his

glasses, but is minus his peruke, though he still wears his Duke of Orleans costume. Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield then hold a reception on the stage, and it is some time before the lights are lowered and the actor and his wife are driven to their home on Riverside.

Some idea of Mr. Mansfield's devotion to "Beatrice" and "Georgie" can be gathered from his maintaining this handsome house. As he rarely passes more than eight or nine weeks of the year there, he keeps it up practically for his wife and child, — so that they may enjoy its comforts while he is away on his professional tours. The Mansfield residence is a fine white stone structure about halfway between the beginning of the famous Drive at West Seventy-second Street and Grant's Tomb on the north. From the windows of his study the actor, when at home (by no means a superfluous limitation, since his profession takes him so much away from New

York), commands a superb view of the Hudson. Though a city house, and not even very far uptown, as New York now goes, the outlook is as extensive and beautiful as that from many of the country seats further up the river. Only a few hundred yards away is the boat-house of Columbia University, and the passing craft range from the long tapering racing shells of the Columbia crews to the large river steamboats.

A large hall and reception-rooms are on the ground-floor. As in the typical modern New York dwelling, the stairs do not begin immediately opposite the front door. Such an arrangement would be considered a relic of the hideous "high-stoop, brown-stone" era. Consequently the hall has a spacious aspect which suggests the country home rather than the city house. The drawing-room, dining-room, and music-room are on the second floor. Mrs. Mansfield has her suite, including her

boudoir in white, ecru, and gold, Louis XIV. style, on the third floor. The library and study are on the fourth, and above this is Georgie's realm, the nursery.

The manuscript of the play under consideration or in rehearsal, books on its historical period, costume plates, pads scribbled over with notes and memoranda, personal letters and numerous requests for autographs, give Mr. Mansfield's desk an appearance of picturesque confusion. The disarrangement is real, not posed for effect.

Before he went on the stage Mr. Mansfield was a painter. A friend, hearing of this only recently, said to him, "I understand you once made your living by your painting."

"No," was the actor's quick reply, "in spite of it."

Nevertheless, among the pictures in the house are several from his brush, allowed to hang on the walls, however, only through the

pleading of Mrs. Mansfield. Among them is a little Lakewood view to which she attaches special value. While the Mansfields were stopping at this New Jersey winter resort, a water-color in one of the store windows, reproducing a view which could be seen from their windows, caught her fancy. She asked Mr. Mansfield to buy it, but he demurred on some ground. In the afternoon she went out for a ride on horseback. Mr. Mansfield usually accompanied her, but that afternoon he made the necessity of looking over the manuscript of a new play an excuse. When his wife returned from her ride the aquarelle she had liked so much hung in her room. Mr. Mansfield listened to her expressions of delight with an amused air.

"And what about the manuscript?" she asked.

"There is no manuscript."

"Oh, Richard, why did n't you go out riding

with me? What have you been doing all this time?"

"Painting that little scene for you, dear."

During his season Mr. Mansfield finds little opportunity for diversion. An actor's hours are late. Even after a play has been running some time, a scene occasionally is apt to sag. The best corrective is to rehearse it immediately after the performance. An exacting star like Mr. Mansfield — as exacting, however, with himself as with his company — rarely closes the stage door behind him until after midnight. After the work of the evening (for while the audience is enjoying itself, those on the stage are hard at work), supper and some relaxation are necessary before retiring. Two o'clock in the morning, therefore, is not an unusual hour for Mr. Mansfield to "turn in." This will explain why he does not breakfast until about noon. He is fond of horseback riding for exercise, and a canter on one of

his favorite saddle-horses, Liberty or King Cole, follows soon after breakfast. On his return he goes to work in his study until four

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A Quiet Cup of Tea

o'clock, when he dines. The interval between dinner and the time for leaving for the theatre he divides between rest and mental concentration upon his rôle. During this

period of his day any interruption positively is prohibited. The public little appreciates the exactions of the stage. It thinks the actor simply walks on when the curtain rises and off when it falls. Does it realize, for instance, that on matinée days the actor hardly has washed off his "make up" from the afternoon's performance, before he has to put it on again for the evening? When Mr. Mansfield was acting Cyrano at the Garden Theatre, New York, the interval between matinées and evenings was so brief that he was obliged to take a room at the Holland House near by for a slight rest and a hasty bite between performances.

Mr. Mansfield usually is at the stage door before any member of his company. He is thus early not only to set an example, but also because he is very careful in "making up" his rôle. Having been a painter before he became an actor, he looks upon this part of his work with the artist's eyes. I once watched him

"making up" for Dick Dudgeon in "The Devil's Disciple." He was doing all the work himself, his dresser simply holding a handglass in varying positions so that, reflected in the mirror before him, he could see his face and head from all points of view. "There," he said, pointing to the "make-up" box, "is my palette; here," with a flourish of the harcsfoot, "is my brush; and here," pointing to his face, "my canvas." It was the artist, not the actor, speaking.

"Time is too valuable to be wasted," is Mr. Mansfield's motto in the management of his company. Work has taken the place of the old-time Bohemianism of the stage. Young people who think stage life is one grand frolic should remember that the theatre, like every other institution which has prospered, has felt the influence of modern business methods. In the Richard Mansfield Company everything has been reduced to a system. One of the

star's favorite anecdotes relates to how he himself was made cognizant of its thoroughness.

"Every member of my company," he says, in telling it, "has an identification card which must be presented at the stage door. One night we were playing in a new theatre in the West. As I was passing in the doorkeeper stopped me.

"'Card, please.'

"'But —' I began.

"'You've got to show a card to get in.'

"'I haven't a card.'

"'Haven't a card? Do you belong to this show?'

"'No.'

"'Then what are you doin' here?'

"'This show belongs to me.'

"Then the doorkeeper looked up, recognized me, and probably would still be apologizing if I hadn't assured him that he had done exactly right."

Mansfield's success came to him comparatively early in his career, yet he had his full share of hardships beforehand. He was a prankish boy; but there was no one to discern in his pranks the overflow of vitality which, when directed into proper channels, makes for genius. He was born on the island of Heligoland in 1857. He comes rightfully by his genius for the stage, for his mother was the celebrated opera-singer, Emma Rudersdorff. At ten years he was placed at a school in Germany. His artistic tastes led him to paint his classroom door a vivid green. He was so proud of this achievement that he signed his name to it, which, of course, led to his discovery and punishment.

His mother came to this country in 1869. She sang at the Boston Peace Jubilee in 1872, with such success that she settled in Boston, and Richard, who then was studying at Yverdon, Switzerland, was sent for. He was

employed for a time in a large Boston dry-goods store, but his artistic aspirations were too strong to be overcome. He could sing, play, mimic, and paint. The last seemed to him his special bent. He rented a studio, painted water-colors, and sold them among his friends. In a comparatively brief time, however, all these were happy possessors of Mansfield aquarelles, and the sales fell off in briskness until he found himself in the not very cheerful position of an artist who could paint much faster than he could sell.

In this dilemma he decided to turn his talent for music and mimicry to account. He hired a small hall, had tickets and circulars printed, and, falling back upon his Dickens, announced "Vincent Crummel's Entertainment." He played the piano and sang, and gave "imitations" of performers on various instruments, very much as he did later in "Prince Karl." In 1875 he went to England,

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Richard Mansfield and his Wife in their New London Garden

where he made a precarious living by painting. Often the only meals he had were those he secured at houses of friends who invited him to help make the evening pass by his clever parlor entertainments. Finally he decided to give these professionally, but, at the very first one, excitement combined with exhaustion from hunger caused him to faint at the piano after striking one chord.

Shortly afterwards a chance meeting with W. S. Gilbert, who had seen him entertain as an amateur, secured him the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter at £3 a week in a "Pinafore" company which was to do the provinces. He remained three years with Gilbert, played an engagement in comic opera in London, and then, in 1882, returned to the United States in a comic opera company organized by D'Oyly Carte.

I was present at his first appearance on the stage in this country. It was at the Standard,

now the Manhattan Theatre, New York, in September, 1882, in "Les Manteaux Noirs." His rôle, Dromez, the stupid miller, was a minor one, but it was the single success of the evening. So was his Nick Vedder in Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle." The public did not care for either piece, but it was very plain that individually Mansfield had made a hit.

Soon afterwards he became a member of A. M. Palmer's company at the Union Square Theatre, where I saw him, unknown here save for a few comic opera rôles, fairly burst upon the audience as Baron Chevrial, the first night of "A Parisian Romance." No such sensational event in theatricals has occurred since, yet his securing the rôle which made him famous in a night was through the merest accident. He originally was cast for a minor rôle, Tirindal, the blasé youth of the piece. But during the last week of rehearsal J. H. Stoddart gave

up the rôle of the Baron. He had found it uncongenial, and had been unable to make anything of it. The part then was given to Mansfield. At rehearsals he kept the "business" of the rôle to himself, so that at the performance the rest of the company, as well as the manager, were as much amazed as the audience at the marvellous realism with which Mansfield portrayed the old roué on the verge of collapse. After the supper scene, in which Mansfield, summoning to his aid every resource of realistic art, had acted the Baron's horrible death by apoplexy with overpowering force, the audience, excited to the highest pitch, fairly rose at the young actor and gave him such an ovation as rarely has been witnessed in a New York theatre.

The actor now was in a peculiar position. He had made such a success that although only a few months had elapsed since his first appearance on the American stage, he was ready to

star. But he was a star without a play. Consequently he was "loaned" around by Mr. Palmer; but, except for the rôle of the amusing French tenor in "French Flats," which he played in San Francisco, and in which he made a hit, none of the characters suited him. He was playing Koko in "The Mikado" in Boston when he received the manuscript of "Prince Karl." This he brought out at the Boston Museum in April, 1886, and from this production his career as a star may be said to have begun. He alternated the new play with "A Parisian Romance," and later added his powerful interpretation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His wonderful versatility was shown in his ability to combine a light piece like "Prince Karl" with the two others mentioned, and he soon gave further evidence of it by producing "Monsieur," a charming little piece of his own writing.

In 1889 the actor who a few years ago had

fainted from sheer hunger at his first attempt to give a drawing-room entertainment in London, and had afterwards knocked around the provinces in comic opera, received an invitation from Henry Irving to occupy the Ly-

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A Favorite Spot on a Summer Day

ceum Theatre. The most important addition to his repertoire during this engagement was "Richard III.," of which he made a magnificent production. In the autumn he brought this over to America, but it was staged so elaborately that in order to be financially suc-

cessful a continuous succession of crowded houses was necessary, and, these failing, the piece was withdrawn. "Beau Brummell," "Don Juan," "Nero," "Ten Thousand a Year," "The Scarlet Letter," "Merchant of Venice," "Arms and the Man," "Napoleon," "King of Peru," "Rodion the Student," "Castle Sombras," "The Devil's Disciple," "The First Violin," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Henry V.," "Beaucaire," and "Julius Caesar" have followed.

An interesting anecdote is connected with his Shylock. Although his first Shakespearian production on the stage was "Richard III.," Shylock was his first Shakespearian rôle. For he had appeared in it at an amateur performance when he was a pupil at the Derby School, England. His acting attracted the attention of Dr. Selwyn, then Bishop of Litchfield, who, congratulating him, said, "I have no desire to encourage any one to become an actor, but

should you choose to, I believe you will be a great one." While he was playing Baron Chevrial at the Union Square, Mansfield adopted a rule of temperance which he has followed during his entire career, and to which he believes he largely owes his physical vigor and his capacity for hard work. He found the strain of Chevrial so great that he drank champagne between the acts. One night it occurred to him that if he kept on he would require a greater and greater quantity before his nerves responded. He at once put an end to the habit, and has since relied upon temperate living for the conservation of his forces.

Richard Mansfield is known to look upon Garrick as his model. The Garrick Theatre, New York, was so named by him when he took over the management of the house, and it has retained its name since it passed into other hands. He believes that, like Garrick, a

true actor should be able to assimilate all kinds of rôles, — comedy as well as tragedy. In his own career he has illustrated the correctness of this theory, when applied by actors as great as Garrick and — Richard Mansfield. His Prince Karl and Beaucaire are delightful examples of the comedian's art. Nothing in the line of eccentric character acting, touched with tragedy, can surpass his Cyrano; and for eloquent declamation his "Henry V." is unrivalled. In spite of the gorgeous spectacular mounting which he gave to that Shakespearian "historie," the dramatic force of his own acting stood out in bold relief from the glittering background of costumes and scenery. There are a host of admirers who consider Mansfield the greatest actor of the English-speaking stage of to-day, and not so very few who rank him as the greatest living actor.

Yet those who know him best may be

pardoned if they rank him even higher in a rôle in which the public knows him not, — in his own home, with Mrs. Mansfield as leading woman and "Georgie" as leading juvenile.

JULIA MARLOWE

JULIA MARLOWE

THE popular actress we know to-day as Julia Marlowe is, in reality, not Julia Marlowe at all. That is to say, Julia Marlowe is purely an assumed name, and one of four different names which its owner has borne.

As a matter of fact, her real name is Sarah Frances Frost, and as such she started in the world. Her parents were English people who came to America from Caldbeck, in Cumberlandshire, England, settled in Kansas, and then moved to Canton, Ohio. Her birthplace usually is given as Caldbeck. But in the little Ohio city, famed throughout the world as the home of William McKinley, she was born in

1868, — thirty-five years ago. Her father died when she was a child, and her mother married the proprietor of a small hotel in Cincinnati which was frequented by stage people. In this way the little girl came into her first touch with the theatre; and when she was twelve years old she appeared on the stage for the first time in a juvenile "Pinafore" company. And with this appearance Sarah Frances Frost became Fanny Brough, her mother's family name.

"I had practically no childhood," the actress once said to me. "As a child, I went to no child's party; as a girl, I had no girl friends. The experiences which come to growing children as part of their girl-life came to me only as part of my stage experience. The first long dress I wore was not as a girl, but on the stage as 'Myrene' in 'Pygmalion and Galatea.'" And so the girl grew up, practically on the stage.

She had the usual experience of all actresses in going from one part to another, but wherein she differs, perhaps, is in the unusual and persistent attention which she has always given to the training of her voice. She believes that the voice is the principal tool of the actor, and it was because of her clearness of utterance and the projective quality of her voice that, in her early career, she received promotions that were withheld from others. And this care of her voice has brought her what is universally conceded to be one of the most beautifully modulated voices on the stage to-day. Whatever else she may neglect in her daily routine, vocal exercise is an inexorable part which is never overlooked. To have a piano ready for her in her apartments is one of her strictest instructions to her personal *avant courier*. It must be there on her arrival at her hotel; for by half an hour's brisk vocal exercise she counteracts the ill effects upon her voice of hours

in overheated sleepers and of the change from cars to the sharp air of a winter morning.

When she was sixteen years of age "Fanny Brough" disappeared from the stage. She moved to Bayonne, New Jersey, and there, under the direction of an actress who had adopted her as a niece, she lived for three years, devoting each day to study and the development of the powers which she felt were within her. At this time she was a saucer-eyed, yellow-skinned girl of a melancholic temperament, high-strung, eager, restless, and unbearable to herself when unoccupied. Her mouth was drooping and pensive, indicative of her chief joy in life, which was to revel in the woes of tragedy queens. Her training was so severe and uninterrupted that a detailed narrative of it would half suggest an extract from a labor report on the *padrone* system. Miss Marlowe herself says that the training for the stage in those days was "splen-

did in its results, if the victim lived through it." But she went eagerly at her task. She never needed the spur, and, if anything, the aim of her instructor possibly should have been to keep her from working too hard. No one deluded her with the assurance that she was a genius. Her tasks included lessons in voice development, musical notation, gymnastics, dancing, the history and literature of the drama, stage deportment, and the meaning and essence of many classic rôles. She was taught how to walk properly by passing to and fro before a pier-glass, watching herself and being watched by her teacher.

Fencing was an important feature of her training. It developed the muscles of the arms and shoulders, made the wrists and hands strong and flexible, and gave the girl a keen eye for distances. Standing about eight feet from the wall, with a rapier in her hand, she would lunge a hundred times at a wafer half

an inch in diameter, becoming so expert that she could pierce it nine times out of ten.

In her training, lessons in elocution practically were avoided. Her voice development always was purely musical, and this is the only kind of vocal culture she herself considers appropriate either to actor or singer.

In the rehearsing of plays her instructor served both as audience and prompter, reading all the parts save the heroine's, which the pupil took. Scenery and the positions of the other characters were indicated by tables and chairs. The first rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet" was held in a cottage at Bayonne; and the back of a venerable haircloth sofa was the balcony rail.

For three years this unremitting training continued, and when she emerged from her retirement it was as "Julia Marlowe." Her desire was now to be launched as a star at the head of her own company. A weary round

Photographed by Sands & Brady

One of Julia Marlowe's latest Portraits

of the managers' offices followed, but in no instance did she receive even more than scant attention to her request to be "starred." Several positions were offered her in the best stock companies, but these she consistently declined. "I must be an independent player: I must be able to follow out my own ideas," she said, and to this determination she adhered.

Photographed by Sands & Brady

"*Now beg for it!*"

One of her old Ohio acquaintances, a the-

atrical manager, finally came to the girl's rescue, organized a company, and the name of Julia Marlowe first appeared as a "star." She made a brief tour of some towns in Connecticut, playing in "Parthenia," and on October 20, 1887, she played for the first time at a New York theatre. She hired the theatre herself for one matinée, and it is a curious commentary upon the difficulty which confronted the actress in securing an opening in New York that part of the money necessary for the expense of the performance was furnished by the keeper of an oyster saloon on Third Avenue, — an acquaintance of Miss Marlowe's "aunt by adoption."

The matinée was a success, and the performance won much praise for the new actress. Lester Wallack, Richard Mansfield, and William Gillette all offered her prominent places in their companies. But she declined them all. Independent she would remain, she said.

The next autumn she played in Boston, and there, in 1888, she made the success which firmly established her as a "star." From this point she went on.

But illness and disappointments were among the experiences in store for the promising young actress. She had no sooner opened her third season when, while playing in Philadelphia, she was stricken with typhoid fever. Her company was disbanded, and for more than six months she was not able to play. When she did make her reappearance, it was practically under her own management. Her aunt had up to this time been her manager, and so closely had she been shielded from all business matters that she knew nothing about the business or financial side of her life. Her earnings thus far had about paid for the mere cost of her living and the material for her clothes. She made all her own clothes both for the stage and for private life. She knew nothing about

the handling of money, and while she knows more to-day than she did, few actresses on the stage have so little conception of the purchasing power of money. When she is on tour, funds placed at her disposal invariably are in the form of checks, never in cash. For there is a tradition in the profession that you can find "Marlowe money" stuffed under mattresses and between wainscotings in half the hotels of America, the bills being placed there for safekeeping by Miss Marlowe and her maid, who then straightway forget all about it and send to the treasurer of the company for more when the time comes for departure.

In 1894 the actress changed her name for the third time by marrying Mr. Robert Taber, her leading man. But the marriage did not prove the sympathetic, artistic union which their friends hoped for, and it was dissolved. She resumed the name of Julia Marlowe, and has not since married.

Photographed by Sands & Brady

Julia Marlowe in her Automobile

Miss Marlowe's method of studying a new rôle is singularly individual. She does not memorize the lines in the ordinary sense. Suppose it to be a classical play. She first studies the life of the author in its bearings on his literary and ethical intentions. Then she takes up the heroine and endeavors from history to absorb the spirit, the manners, of the period. Having thus recreated its "atmosphere," she reads the play about fifty times. She never deliberately memorizes a line. While she is saturating her mind with the narrative and absorbing its spirit, lines and cues take care of themselves and become fixed in her memory.

The question often is mooted whether stage people while preparing for a production feel themselves to be, for the time being, and while going about other affairs, the characters they are studying. Miss Marlowe says no. It is true that when she was studying "Prince Hal" she wore armor in her apartments and

even at meals — but not because she imagined herself "Prince Hal," as some have thought. The fact is, the armor pinched her unmercifully unless she walked with a particular stride, and it was to master it that she wore the metal costume when moving about her rooms. Finally the distress from wearing the armor became so great that she put on several suits of thick jerseys under it. "Even then," she says, "when I fell in this armor, as I sometimes did on reaching the wings after a hurried exit, it took two men to put me on my feet again."

Miss Marlowe's likes and dislikes outside of her profession are those of an active, healthy-minded woman, interested in everything possessing more than ephemeral significance. In literature she loves best the books of those men who wrote truth straightforwardly, come what might. Hence you find on the most accessible shelf of her library worn and marked copies of Thoreau, Whitman, Stevenson, —

more especially his essays, — Balzac, and Meredith. Balzac's "Lily of the Valley" and Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" she considers the greatest novels ever written. Her favorite poets are Shakespeare, Keats, and Swinburne. The Bible she reads much for both its moral and literary influence, and hopes for the day when some playwright will submit to her a really great and reverent drama on a Biblical theme. Last winter she was deep in the plays and essays of Maeterlinck and the Nature books of Grant Allen, and in the study of philosophy and French literature.

Her special hobby, if you can dignify it by no better term, is book-collecting, and last summer at Bad Nauheim this love for books led her to take lessons in bookbinding from a venerable German craftsman in whose workshop she spent many busy and happy hours between whiles. In painting, she has a rap-

turous appreciation of the painters of the Barbizon School. For good music she has a genuine love, and an equally genuine loathing of so-called "popular airs," the playing of which is never permitted in any theatre where she is appearing. The three things she hates most are "popular music, being photographed, and the dumpy outlines of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island."

Miss Marlowe's outdoor diversions are golf, driving, and, recently, automobiling. She does a prodigious amount of walking all the year round. Her love of Nature is almost primitive in its intensity. Asked once what was her greatest ambition, she said it was to "lead such a normal life that I can get up every morning in time to see the sun rise." Often she will dismiss her carriage and revel in facing wind and weather on foot. An acquaintance of mine accompanied her from her hotel to the theatre one March night in the

teeth of a driving storm. The sidewalk was like the bed of a mountain stream, and the wind made umbrellas a sarcasm. She enjoyed every step of the walk and reached the theatre in a gale of laughter and high spirits. It is this abundant vitality, this capacity for getting fun out of things which annoy or bore most people, that give a compelling charm to her art and a rare, sweet vivacity to her personality.

Photographed by Sands & Brady

Ready for a Walk

For a time Miss Marlowe had a house of her own in New York City, but this she has now given up. Her only home is her country place in the western part of the Catskill Mountains. This she calls "Highmount," and from the windows of the house there is a glorious view of a dozen mountain peaks. The house is a large one of Colonial architecture, a part of which, the brick terrace, the theatre-going public saw reproduced on the stage without knowing the fact. For the first tentative rehearsal of "When Knighthood was in Flower" was given on the brick terrace on to which the main living-room of her house opens. This terrace was so effective for grouping and for exits and entrances that the architecture of it was copied in the reproduction of a Tudor brick terrace which forms a part of the stage setting in the first act of the play.

Her estate consists of four hundred acres, and only the smaller part of the large estate

is laid out in lawn, garden, and driveways. That portion of her possessions which she has with admirable taste allowed to remain wholly "unimproved," is by far the greater part of the estate. Still in its original wildness, it is crisscrossed by mountain streams, cleft by deep ravines, and overgrown with a network of vines and forest trees that have never known the woodman's axe. Here the happiest hours of Julia Marlowe's life are spent, and thither she goes immediately her professional work ends for the season, which is usually toward the end of May, and there she remains until early September. During the months she spends there she practically lives out-of-doors and returns to her work in the autumn strong in body, burned and tanned as to face, and physically and intellectually refreshed for the long season of travelling and acting.

It is at "Highmount" that she finds most opportunity for the outdoor diversions she

loves, — her golf, trout-fishing, walks to interesting points all along the mountain-side, and a daily horseback ride. Hours for reading and for consultation with playwrights who come up to "Highmount" from New York are reserved for the evening and for stormy days. With the minor domestic details of household routine she has nothing to do. She never knows in advance what will be served on her table, and, indeed, does not wish to know. Her only preference in these matters is for French cooking and the dishes made famous by the Creole cooks of Louisiana. Of these she is very fond, and she has provided her cook with an extensive library of Creole receipts collected from her friends in the South and from famous *chefs* in that region who happen to know of her liking for their dishes.

It is a very simple existence, this home life of the real Julia Marlowe. Whoever has studied her in her country home realizes how

thoroughly unspoiled she is and how free from affectation she has kept herself. She never

Photographed by Burr McIntosh

A Favorite Nook at Highmount

poses, never idles. Hers is a busy, cheerful, sensible round of exercise, reading, visiting, modest hospitality, and unaffected good cheer.

Every guest within the gates of "Highmount" is there because he can contribute something of intellectual or spiritual value. Invariably the company drifts time and again during the day to the library, and each one is permitted to seek a comfortable corner and busy himself with his own book, or to engage in general conversation if that is his mood.

With the pseudo-Bohemianism affected by some theatrical and literary notables Miss Marlowe has absolutely no sympathy. Her home is "Liberty Hall" in the fine, high sense of the phrase. The social atmosphere in which she lives is based upon intimate and affectionate companionship, and there is no suggestion of ostentatious hospitality in it.

You will not see many famous people in her circle of guests. Humble folk with brains are the recipients of her most generous hospitality. Often they are people who have known the bite of real poverty and to whom the comfort

and even luxury of a fortnight's visit with her come as a real benison in their hard, pinched lives: teachers of high attainments but with slight knowledge of the world's ways, who are

Photographed by Sands & Brady

Through the Green

eking out a precarious existence in New York by giving lessons; musicians upon whom fortune has not smiled; struggling authors who can find no publishers; brave, earnest men and

women engaged in philanthropic work,—these are the honored guests during the weeks of her summer leisure.

It is a free, happy life that Miss Marlowe spends here. A visitor on going into the house unexpectedly one afternoon found the entire household, guests and all, seated in a circle on the floor, the centre of attraction being Miss Marlowe's pet spaniel, and one of those toy animals which street fakirs sell, and which jump about in a most lifelike manner. The victim of its pranks was the dog, and the group on the floor was in gales of laughter at his bewilderment over the gyrations of the toy. The merriest of the group was Miss Marlowe herself, at that moment what she always is at "Highmount,"—the woman, not the actress.

ANNIE RUSSELL

ANNIE RUSSELL

NNIE RUSSELL is one of the sweetest and most popular actresses on the English-speaking stage. Yet it is a question if any rôle she has played, with the exception of Sue, has at all put her true powers to the test. The actress whom English critics, after seeing her in "Sue," called the Duse of the English-speaking stage, certainly never has had another opportunity to show her true mettle. The parts Miss Russell plays usually are those of young girls; and of young girls she once said to me, "They may be pretty, graceful, good, dainty, sweet, but — they are not interesting. In the mean time, one cannot play the Princess Angela in a

manner which will show between the lines that one is able to play Lady Macbeth."

When will Miss Russell have another opportunity to appear in a strong rôle, — to play not indeed a vile woman, but an intelligent one; the kind of woman who knows as much of real living and suffering as Miss Russell herself does? When? Alas! she is so charming in the rôles which lie so very easily within her range that the public has "specialized" her. Her grace, her daintiness, her exquisite pathos, her sly, elusive humor, have made rather lovable creatures out of what, for the most part, she herself considers a precious lot of simpletons. And so there has risen in the popular imagination an idée fixe, — "the Annie Russell part," the young girl endowed with all the charming qualities with which Miss Russell's refined and delicate art invests her rôles. Indeed, Miss Russell makes such an adorable girl on the stage that, however more serious

Photographed by Miss Ben Yuseff

Annie Russell

her own ambitions may be, the public hardly can be blamed for insisting that a girl she shall remain to the end of her theatrical days — and may that end be long in coming!

Annie Russell was born in Liverpool, England, in 1864. Her father, Joseph Russell, was Irish, a civil engineer, and a Dublin University man. Her mother, Jane Mount, came of a Suffolk family. None of Miss Russell's father's people or her mother's had ever had any connection with the stage.

Very early in her childhood she was placed in a convent in Dublin, and she was only five years old when she was taken out of it and brought to America. Her mother, sister, and brother came with her to Montreal on the first journey to this country. She has little or no recollection of the voyage; but of a return voyage to England there remains impressed on her memory the fact that the ship was wrecked in the straits of Belle Isle, and that after the

passengers were safely gotten ashore they had several days of cold and hunger and little to eat beside hardtack before they were picked up by a passing vessel.

As a child, she disclosed a great knack for imitating people. Consequently, when it became necessary for her mother to support herself and her three children, it was decided to turn Annie's mimetic faculty to account. Rose Eytinge, who was coming to Montreal to play "Miss Moulton," advertised for a child for one of the children's rôles in the piece. Annie was taken to the theatre, tried by the manager, and accepted. But when, on Miss Eytinge's arrival, she learned that the child never had been on the stage, she was greatly annoyed and declined to give her a trial. Annie and her mother both were in tears, and these moved the actress to hear the girl recite a few lines with the result that Annie promptly was accepted. Thus, at the age of eight, she

made her début at the Academy of Music, Montreal. Later she was taken to New York, where she secured an engagement with Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" company. She also played the little boy in "Rip Van Winkle." Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was Annie's next rôle, and then she played page parts with Edwin Booth. Of her experiences in his company her liveliest remembrance is that in "Richelieu" she had to take the great actor's hat. She used to guard it carefully, and when possible eluded the dresser and handed it in to Mr. Booth's dressing-room herself, in hopes of a word from him. Once she was rewarded by a pat on the hand and the remark, "When you grow up, little girl, you shall play Ophelia."

Before she was quite twelve, though far older than that in knowledge and experience, she made a tour of the West Indies with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McDowell, who were great

favorites on the Canadian stage. Her brother, Tommy Russell, afterwards the famous "Lord Fauntleroy," but then only three years old, was the child actor of the company. Annie went along, ostensibly to care for him, but she also was made useful in many minor ways on the stage.

The tender and beautiful relations still existing between herself and her brother, and one of the great joys of their home life, began with this tour. He was sweet, pretty, intelligent, but too generous. His giving away his toys the sister did not mind. When, however, he would take off his little cap, or his coat or sash, as he frequently did, to give away to some darky child, she had to punish him. Then he would fly into little rages and scream out, "Annie isn't the boss of Tommy!" But Annie was, for she had to be very careful of their earnings and send home a certain amount of them every week to their mother in New York. The boy appreciated his sister's love; and once, when the

manager fined her for letting Tommy appear on the stage with a soiled little undergarment hanging, one leg of it, below his dress, and making the audience laugh in a serious scene at his futile little attempts to hitch it up, and Annie cried nearly all night, Tommy sobbed with her in complete though not understanding sympathy.

Besides making her little brother's clothes — and frequently mending them — and taking general care of him, she played in drama and burlesque and got an occasional leading rôle such as the Colleen Bawn and Josephine in "Pinafore." She looks back on the experience as invaluable. For in the burlesques she "let herself out" and did pretty much whatever came into her head — or her heels. She remembers very well playing a burlesque of "Hamlet" and dancing while she sang Hamlet's lines, —

"'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother."

On her return to the United States she made with one stride a great advance in her profession. She reached New York in August and applied at the Madison Square Theatre for a position. Mr. William Gillette, whom she saw, said she was too young for anything he had in view. A few weeks later she learned that they were to put on "Esmeralda," a play by Frances Hodgson Burnett and William Gillette. From what she could find out about the play it seemed to her that the title rôle would suit her. Remembering her previous experience with Mr. Gillette, and how he had told her she was too young, she resorted to a ruse; and when she went to see him again, she played a rôle without his knowing it. She had made herself a long black dress, had done up her hair and borrowed some stage jewelry, and in this disguise she now came before Mr. Gillette and put in her application without his recognizing the supposed over-young per-

son, who had come to see him a few weeks before, so cleverly did she act the age she

Annie Russell

thought he would consider suitable. He gave her a page or two of the part to study and told

her when to come back for trial. The part was given out in competition ; and on the day set one girl was to come at ten o'clock in the morning, the next at half-past ten, the next at eleven, and so on. Miss Russell "won out," and she played the rôle nearly eight hundred times.

After "Esmeralda" she appeared as Hazel Kirke, Mary Standish in "Pique," Fuchsia Leach in "Moths," Lady Vavir in "Broken Hearts," Sylvia in "Our Society," Maggie in "Engaged," a little girl in "The Martyr," the title rôle in "Elaine," one of the most exquisite productions made on the American stage, and a young girl in "Captain Swift."

After achieving striking successes in most of these rôles, her health gave way under great mental strain and bodily suffering. She was forced to undergo a serious surgical operation and it was four years before she again appeared before an audience.

A friend, Miss Agnes Hill, who was with her as nurse and companion during these years, and who thus had every opportunity of observing her under circumstances of great physical distress, cannot speak too highly of Miss Russell's fortitude under suffering and of the wonderful mental activity she displayed. Her mind and her ability to exercise it were her great source of consolation in this long and trying period, though at times they must have made her enforced physical inactivity doubly unbearable. Others were forging ahead in a profession in which she should be a leader, because, despite a mind as keenly sensitive as ever, she lay, a physical wreck, upon a cot.

Here seems the right place to point out that Miss Russell's activity of mind largely is due to her own initiative. Of schooling in the usually accepted sense, she has had very little. Her regular school-days have been few. She went to a private school in Montreal for

several months; afterwards in New York she attended public school for part of a year. Beyond this her education has been carried on by private teachers whom she herself engaged from time to time, and she always has sought, by her own efforts, to cultivate her mind and stimulate its activities, for she is capable in a marked degree of giving the closest attention to any matter in hand, and is curious, especially, regarding literary and artistic achievements. I wish to emphasize these characteristics of concentration and of *curiosity*, — the latter in its best sense. Among her teachers she possibly rates most highly the late Abby Sage Richardson. It was Mrs. Richardson who taught her between her fourteenth and eighteenth years, and as Miss Russell herself says, was her greatest inspiration in that time. Through her she was introduced to the literature of the eighteenth century, and to Shakespeare and other dramatists of the sixteenth.

Where she picked up French I doubt if she herself knows. When Miss Hill first met her,

Photographed by Mrs. McKee Rankin

Annie Russell in her Japanese Corner

Miss Russell was eager that they should read French together. That unfortunately was not

possible, owing to the former's utter ignorance of the language. It was characteristic of Miss Russell, however, that she wasted no time in lamenting, but set about searching her companion, much as one might ransack a chest of odds and ends for useful bits. She finally pounced upon Latin. Then, as Miss Hill herself writes me, began "the best snatches of time I ever shall have with Horace." But woe betide the nurse-companion if she went off on any tangent. "Will you please 'tend to your business?" came the despairing protest from the cot and sternly pinned her down to the particular point of Latin under consideration. When English was read to her, though she might be resting with eyes closed, she knew intuitively if the reader looked ahead in any story. Perhaps ten lines — skimmed — when "Pig," uttered with unspeakable reproach, would make the reader start guiltily and close the book.

"Nor would she ever allow me," says Miss Hill, "to read English peacefully to myself in her presence. French, yes, because until I had learned that, there was no going on with it for her. Sometimes she talked to me of artists and their work, and always cleverly. 'Omar Khayyam,' she would say, for instance, 'I learned about when I posed for some of Mr. Vedder's drawings, in the happy days before the Omar Khayyam societies and their ilk had induced the flippant to speak of the learned Persian as "Omar Khi-yi."'"

Miss Russell's re-entry upon the stage after four years of illness was made at Wallack's Theatre as Marjorie in Sydney Grundy's "New Woman." After her years of isolation from the theatre, the welcome she received was thrilling. Although she had not set foot upon the boards for so long, she required no more preparation in resuming her professional work than the ordinary number of rehearsals.

But her methods had undergone a change. She always had had the first requisite of the actor, — the ability to put himself wholly into another's place. This she always has considered back of all methods and more than all. But to this intuitive feeling for natural acting that had made even her first appearances notable, she had during her long illness added a constantly increasing conviction that many accepted conventions and devices of the stage were absurd. These she had eliminated by a process of pure mental abstraction while lying in suffering on her cot. As a result, she returned to the stage not only in "The New Woman," but actually herself a new woman so far as a throwing off of certain traditions of the stage was concerned. She was more natural and consequently more artistic than ever before. It was a remarkable instance of ability to put into immediate execution theories which had been evolved only in the abstract.

Since her return to the stage, Miss Russell has played a season as leading lady for Nat Goodwin, has supported Sol Smith Russell in "A Bachelor's Romance," has been seen in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," "The Scenario," a most forceful performance, "Katherine," "Miss Hobbs," "A Royal Family," "The Girl and the Judge," "Mice and Men," "Sue," and "Dangerfield, '95."

She made so much of this last, a little curtain-raiser, that in the spring of 1898 Mr. Charles Frohman put it on in England, calling her over to play it. It is a slight affair, but Miss Russell rightly felt that on her London success in it much depended. This thought possessed her and even terrified her, and on her first night in London she started off very badly indeed to a cold house. This lasted half through the play, when, by sheer force of will, she gathered herself together, broke through her own fright, and carried

through the half-hour to a triumphant conclusion for herself. The little play as acted by her made a veritable sensation, and it became "the thing" to go early to the Garrick for the curtain-raiser; and this although in London the curtain-raiser generally is skipped by most of the audience. London's curiosity was aroused by this performance to see Miss Russell in something that would give her more opportunity; and this led to the putting on of "Sue" and her triumph in it.

Miss Russell has two homes, — one in New York, the other on the coast of Maine. Both she shares with her brother Tommy, between whom and herself relations simply are ideal. To please her he gave up the stage, went through college, she paying his way, and then into business.

Her New York home, small but furnished most tastefully, she and Tommy leave with the close of the theatrical season, and off to

Photographed by Burr McIntosh

Annie Russell out of Doors

the Maine coast they go. Here, at Pemaquid directly on the water, Miss Russell purchased, three years ago, some forty acres of land, and there last summer she finished building a house which she calls "The Ledges,"—the house standing practically on ledges of rock running to the water. It is here that Annie Russell is at her best. From the moment she reaches her seashore home she forgets her work and fairly revels in an outdoor life. Every tree on the place is known to her: she knows every stick of wood in her house, for she practically designed the house herself, and it was built after her plans. "It is n't what I 'd call hansum, Miss Russell," said the builder when he finished it, "but I did it as you said, and there it is." And there it is, for a fact, as simple and artistic a little home as one could wish for, with its low windows looking out on the sea, a big living-room with its wide fireplace, and the upstairs rooms furnished with their

pretty flower-patterned chintz hangings and fresh, dainty papers. For practically two blissful summer months, June and July, Miss Russell leads an idyllic life of outdoor leisure here. Her brother spends the larger part of the summer there, the mother and sister and a favorite nephew come, and there is always an intimate friend or two.

A goodly part of the Maine place has been left natural, and through these wooded paths Miss Russell roams at will. The rising hour at "The Ledges" is half after seven, and fifteen minutes later sees Miss Russell taking a plunge before breakfast, — not in a tub, but a swim in the ocean, which means a cool dip off the Maine coast in early summer. But from a swimming raft constructed in the water directly in front of the house plunges Miss Russell with the glee of a girl, leaving the less-venturesome men standing on the raft wondering how cold the water is. It is need-

less to say that a hearty breakfast follows this. With this over, comes the stable, which, next to the big living-room in the house, is the young mistress's favorite place. Here her favorite pony "Sallie" whinnies at her the moment she appears, and in a few moments Miss Russell is on the pony's back and off for a ride of "a few miles," as she says, which, however, frequently lengthens into a ride of twenty-eight miles. She is perfectly at home in the saddle, riding her spirited little animal with absolute ease, and is rarely so happy as when, with her hair flying in the wind, she dashes along a country road with her guests in the rear vainly trying to keep up with her. The pony and rider return supremely happy, and then with a second dash into the cold water of the ocean, Miss Russell dresses and is ready for dinner, as fresh and lively as a girl of twenty.

If Miss Russell is at home in the saddle, she

is equally so in a boat. Sailing is another one of her regular diversions, and her delight is to take the tiller in a good stiff breeze and sail her own boat with a spirit that communicates itself to every one with her. She thoroughly enjoys whatever she does and gets from every enjoyment the fullest mental and physical benefit. If it is a picnic on the rocks, she is the liveliest of the party. If the men start a game of baseball, Miss Russell is immediately in it. "I may not always pitch a ball quite straight," she says, "but that makes it all the harder for the men to get any hits on me."

Some days Miss Russell gives herself entirely over to the running of the place. Then, with a hired man at each side, she walks from stable to vegetable garden, and from truck-patch to the flower-beds, and from the flowers to the hayfield, directing this and suggesting that. The haying time is her delight, and then the hayfield sees much of her. Working

with her men, she uses the large rakes herself, pitches the hay on to the wagon, and then clambering up drives the load to the barn.

Annie Russell at the Helm

There is n't much of the successful actress, beautifully gowned, about Annie Russell at these times, — standing on a load of hay, with sunbonnet on her head, whip in hand, skilfully

driving her horse and load over ruts and rocky places. But she has nine months of the year to be the actress, she wisely argues.

When August comes the days are not so care-free. Then the manuscript of the next winter's new play is taken up and reading and studying begin. The secluded, picturesque spots in her own woods begin to know her, and there she studies and thinks over the part which she is to create. All her studying is done in these spots, with Nature in its most beautiful moods all about her. Hours are thus spent.

"I had a glimpse of her work when she was studying her rôle in 'The Royal Family,'" a friend of hers said to me recently. "I had gone out to a quiet corner of the woods where I was reading. The sound of her voice aroused me. She was singing the little song that she sang in the play, —

'Over the mountains, happy and bold,' —

getting the effect, the feeling of it, in the open air. After what seemed to me a long time I moved so as to get sight of her. Her horse stood in the path, his head down, grazing. His mistress, seated calmly on his back, was going over and over the lines of the song; now shaking her head and frowning, now smiling with satisfaction. What she was after was utterly out of my ken. So I slipped away and left her in peace.

"One day, too, last summer, unaware that any one was watching her, she began dancing and laughing in a quiet spot of the woods while repeating some words which I could not understand. I stood quite still behind a tree watching and enjoying this charming, fairylike picture until suddenly she discovered me and stopped. At first she was embarrassed. Then we both had a good laugh, and she explained that she was studying what people have this year seen her do when dancing as Peggy in 'Mice and Men.'"

Early in August the letters from her manager in New York begin to come, business arrangements have to be attended to, and the first letters go to the dressmakers in the metropolis. It may be interesting for the thousands of girls and women who yearly admire Miss Russell's clothes to know that all her dresses are of her own design. Her aim in dress is always for the simple effect, — thoroughly modish, with ever a touch of novelty and originality, but, in the final effect, invariably simple. Of course, as every woman knows, this is the most difficult of all effects to successfully reach, and so the interviews with dressmakers are peculiarly tedious. Miss Russell has a practical knowledge of both dressmaking and millinery acquired by her when necessity was the mother of invention. She then learned to make her own clothes, and they were often as pretty in design and as well made as those for which she now pays large prices. But,

Photographed by Pach Brothers

Out for a Ride

whatever her dress, whether it is on or off the stage, it is always of her own design.

When the days of her outdoor life are over, Miss Russell turns to horseback riding in the city for exercise, and whatever leisure she has left is devoted to singing lessons and reading. She reads in the original French and Italian, in both of which languages she is an adept. She learned Italian during her stay in Italy, when, years ago, she went there for health and study. When her knowledge of French began I question whether she herself knows. Probably when, as a child, she heard the patois of the Canadians, among whom she lived for a number of years. Since, she has taken lessons, and to-day to hear her talk with a learned Frenchman, in his own tongue, about Japanese lacquers, is to get some idea of her fluency with the language. Her friends are chiefly people with literary or artistic leanings, and her social diversions, when busy, are confined

to having friends at dinner at her own home or attending little dinners at the homes of these friends. "Society," as such, knows Miss Russell not. She has little taste for it and even less time.

A single word about Miss Russell's life on the stage may not be amiss here as illustrating her unselfish disposition; that is, with regard to her attitude toward dear old Mrs. Gilbert. One evening when she reached the theatre Miss Russell received a highly complimentary letter anent the performance, but in the letter Mrs. Gilbert's name was mentioned first. In the theatrical world this is a great breach of etiquette toward the star. Many another actress would have torn up the letter in anger. Not so Miss Russell. She sent it to Mrs. Gilbert. "You dear, sweet child!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert, when they met during the intermission, "to send me a letter in which I was spoken of before you! Who else but

you would have thought of doing such a thing?" Then she embraced Miss Russell and called her every pet name she knew.

Miss Russell has a great admiration for Mrs. Gilbert as an actress and deep affection for her as a woman. She finds this veteran in her art so patient and strong in all the happenings of every-day life, so eminently just and so lovable. She considers it an honor to be associated with her. Indeed, just here is an indication of Miss Russell's character that one does not find in the average actress. It is her wish and custom to have always the best actors in her company, and to give them the full opportunities of their talent, never cutting out their good lines nor destroying any point of theirs while she is on the stage, in order that she may shine more brightly. Rather she is always trying to help them in their scenes. She believes in an evenly balanced company, instead of the star trying to stand

out by contrast with poor actors, and is wholly out of sympathy with any star system that treats the members of a company as though they were "a squad of black beetles." She has regard for the same sensitiveness of temperament in others as she possesses herself, and consequently, with such a representative woman as Mrs. Gilbert, she gives her all the chance possible to get at her public, and to her public to get at her.

Some people, who wonder at the fact that Mrs. Gilbert is frequently allowed the honors of the evening, have said that Miss Russell has nothing to do with these conditions and that they are laid down for her by her manager. This is not so. A successful star's support is absolutely in the hands of the star. Miss Russell need not have Mrs. Gilbert as a member of her company if she does not choose. But, on the contrary, she delights in having her and in making her last years upon

the stage as full as possible of the happiness of successful recognition. In Miss Russell's speech at the last night of the Lyceum Theatre in New York City she said for Mrs. Gilbert: "I am sure you share my hope that in the new Lyceum we may, for many years to come, continue to pay homage to this most honored gentlewoman of the stage." The storm of applause which greeted this was as gratifying to Miss Russell and touched her more deeply than if meant for herself.

One more instance illustrative of Miss Russell's gentleness: One Christmas evening when the curtain fell on the performance of "A Royal Family," the company remained on the stage instead of rushing to the dressing-rooms. The fair Princess Angela, taking the little boy who played the young Prince by the hand, explained that Santa Claus had notified her by letter that he would visit the theatre that night. Then entered a member of the com-

pany dressed up as Santa Claus, and bearing a large Christmas tree with lighted candles, which he placed in the centre of the stage.

Copyright, 1900, by J. Byron

Annie Russell and "Donald," who plays the Prince in "A Royal Family"

What a delight it would have been for the audience to have watched this touching little after-play, — the child in ecstasy, the King, the Queen, the Prince, the Princess, the Cardinal,

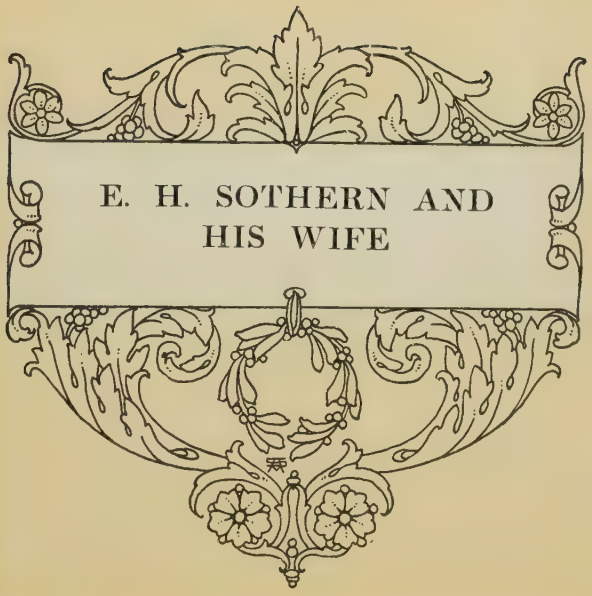
the courtiers, the ambassadors, the ladies-in-waiting, in all their gorgeous raiment, children again, some on their hands and knees playing with building-blocks, others running after a mechanical rabbit, and the Cardinal and the Dowager Queen (Mrs. Gilbert) pulling at strings attached to two wooden monkeys that were having a prize-fight! The whole Court of Caron had become kin to a little child, and the beneficent fairy godmother who had waved the magic wand was none other than Annie Russell.

Off the stage, as I have said, Miss Russell is exactly the same as on the stage, — graceful, dainty, and charmingly womanly. She has not had an easy life, for she has known straitened circumstances which she has overcome with her own efforts and perseverance. She has known years of illness from which she emerged to find that she had practically to learn how to walk. It is this public remembrance of her

severe illness that sometimes leads to the belief that she is frail and partly an invalid, whereas the exact reverse is the truth. In fact, she is one of the few actresses on the modern stage that has never disappointed an audience because of illness. But all these experiences have served only to refine and strengthen her character, until to-day she stands as one of the sweetest and most womanly young women on the American stage.

But pleasing as she is to look upon on the stage ; capable as she is as an actress, as an exemplification of the most difficult of all acting, the simple and natural ; gracious as she is in her New York home, — the sweetest Annie Russell of all is the outdoor Annie Russell in her summer home on the Maine coast, where the paths wind among the spruces as the waterways do about the island. Here, where, warmed by the sun and sheltered from the sea-

winds, the crushed bay and sweet fern mingle their pungent odor with the perfume of the fir balsam and of the wild roses; here, whether the young mistress is at play or at work, is where she is happiest; here, whether plunging in the water before breakfast, in the saddle of her favorite pony, at the tiller of her boat, or driving her hay to barn, or lying in the Nantucket hammocks listening to the swash of water on the rocks and looking at the little home which she has bought with her own earnings, — Annie Russell is the soul of gracious young womanhood and contented happiness.


E. H. SOTHERN AND
HIS WIFE

E. H. SOTHERN AND HIS WIFE, VIRGINIA HARNED

H, *DEE!*" exclaimed Mrs. Sothern, with great emphasis and in a voice that sounded as if she were very angry, though there was a twinkle in her eyes quite at variance with her tone of voice. At the same time she reached out for a piece of bread, and made a gesture as if to throw it the whole length of the table at Mr. Sothern. Then she gazed helplessly at the high centre-piece of flowers, and with a despairing look which said, "I can't throw it over that and hit him too," she put down the bread and ended the little by-play of comedy with a pretty laugh.

"Dee" is Mr. Sothern's nickname. No one knows what it means or whence it is derived. His father, whose memory he worships, called him Dee; his intimate friends, who worship him, call him Dee; and his wife calls him Dee, except that, when she is speaking of him to mere acquaintances, she refers to him summarily as "E. H." — "You know 'E. H.' has a great eye for light effects," or "Of course, no one on the stage has a voice like 'E. H.'" Has any one ever heard "Dee's" wife call him "Mr. Sothern"?

Mrs. Sothern has among her friends three young women who with herself and Mr. Sothern made a tour through Scotland. Whenever she is with them they refer to Mr. Sothern in broad Scotch as "feyther." He, having been the only man in the touring party, was invested with that dignified title, and ever since has gone by it with them. Mrs. Sothern enjoys telling how, when they would come to

an inn, "feyther" would sit at the head of the table and begin cutting a big loaf of bread. By the time he had finished with it, they had too, — they had eaten it all up, — and would exclaim in chorus, "'Feyther,' cut some more!" In great part the Sotherns' holidays are spent abroad foot-touring in the Austrian Tyrol or in the highlands of Wales and Scotland.

But to return to Mrs. Sothern's emphatic "Oh, *Dee!*" and her abandoned attempt to throw a piece of bread at him lengthwise the table. It was led up to rather amusingly. Some one had broached the subject of housekeeping. "Dee," remarked Mrs. Sothern, playfully, "you had much better dinners at my house before I married you than you 've ever had since, did n't you?"

Mr. Sothern looked very serious. It is one of the characteristics of his humor that he can assume the gravest aspect in moments of

banter. He looked appealingly at the company about the table. "Before I was married," he said, "I ran my house and ordered the meals. When I married that woman over there, she said to me, 'Now, Dee, you won't have to keep house again, I 'll do all that.' Of course I was only too glad to hand it over to her. When we sat down at table the first night in our own home, I was all expectant. It would be delightful to eat a dinner with the ordering of which I had had nothing to do. Everything would be a surprise. Well, it was a surprise. What do you think she had for that first dinner? A ham! Absolutely nothing but a ham! Yes, indeed, it was a surprise —but I at once resumed charge of the housekeeping myself. Remember," he added pathetically, "it was, 'Now, Dee, you won't have to keep house again.' I never have dared, since that one trial, to let the housekeeping go out of my hands."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Sothern, after she had put down the bread she had intended as a missile for her husband's head, "we had a full course dinner. But Dee dotes on having

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E. H. Sothern in his Library

cold chicken with his ham, which I didn't know — so I left out the cold chicken, that's all."

"But I am still keeping house, and you will observe that we have at present on the table

not only a fine ham, but also a delicious cold chicken," was Mr. Sothern's peroration. Then every one laughed, and no one more so than "Virgie," as Mr. Sothern calls his wife.

Both are strongly developed artistic personalities and naturally their views sometimes differ. Mrs. Sothern enjoys telling how at dinner one time they got into an argument which waxed so fierce that she left the table and went upstairs to her room. A professional friend, a woman, was dining with them, and, to relieve the awkwardness of the situation, she said to Mr. Sothern: "Never mind, Virgie will soon be all right again."

"All right *again?*" calmly said Mr. Sothern. "She 's all right *now*. I would n't live with a woman who had n't mind enough of her own to disagree with me." The friend slipped upstairs and repeated this to Mrs. Sothern, who at once "melted" and came downstairs; and the rest of the evening passed

off most agreeably. Mr. and Mrs. Sothern are in fact a chummy couple, and it was a great hardship to them two seasons ago, when managerial policy parted them professionally.

From the time they separated in September they were not to see each other until the following May. At no place did their routes meet. He played East; she went West. Their nearest meeting was to be in Philadelphia in March, when Mr. Sothern was to close on one Saturday night at one theatre, and his wife was to open the following Monday at another. But the temptation to meet his wife was too strong for the actor, and he arranged that his engagement should be extended to three weeks instead of two, so that it would overlap his wife's engagement one week.

It was a hazardous thing to do, financially, for even the strongest plays do not run long in Philadelphia. The chances were for a financial loss, and Mr. Sothern's manager naturally de-

murred. "I myself hardly believed the play would run profitably for three weeks," said Mr. Sothern, "but I told my manager to chance it, and I would pocket the loss." And loss it was. The meeting cost Mr. Sothern exactly one thousand dollars. "But it was worth it to see my wife," he laughingly added.

The two never had seen each other in their plays, so Miss Harned arranged to give a Wednesday matinée that week in order that her husband could see her, and the husband, who never plays a mid-week matinée, gave a Thursday matinée so that his wife could see him in his play.

This incident very aptly illustrates the itinerancy of an actor's life; but, for the more special purpose of this article, it shows the happy relations that exist between Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Sothern.

"I think," said Rowland Buckstone, Sothern's lifelong friend, "that Dec owns a few neck-

ties. Everything else he has given to his wife."

Sothern and Buckstone inherited their friendship from their fathers. The elder Buckstone, who acted here many years ago, so many that he was obliged to travel from New York to Philadelphia by stagecoach, the coach breaking down at night in the middle of a forest, gave the elder Sothern his first engagement at the Haymarket, London. The two boys first met as children, — about four years old, — when the Sotherns were visiting the Buckstones. They were put to bed together, and the tradition is that Sothern "stage-managed the bed." Buckstone recalls one occasion when there was company at the house, and the boys were to be admitted to the parlor to be "on view" at a certain time. Just as they were about to be called in, the "grown ups" in the parlor heard "Eddy" protesting to the nurse, "Tumpany or no tumpany, I won't have my face cleaned

with 'pit'!" It was so evident to the company what the nurse was attempting to do, and the situation was so familiar to them from their own childhood, that they were convulsed. Sothern was rather a silent boy. Some one would ask, "Where is Eddy?" and when they looked about he would be sitting by himself in a corner. Now, on occasion, he is a splendid talker.

Another intimate friend of E. H. Sothern's, one who knew his father intimately, and has known "E. H." since his youth, is Dr. Francis A. Harris, of Boston. Mr. Sothern's loyalty to his father's memory also finds expression in his loyalty to his father's friends. Dr. Harris is enthusiastic about him, and says the charm of his friendship lies in everything that makes human friendship desirable, — modesty, generosity, patience with the shortcomings of others, forgiveness and forgetfulness of injury, courtesy to all, of either sex, a keen appre-

ciation of humor, a ready wit, the rare quality of being a good listener as well as a most interesting talker, and this on many subjects quite outside the range of his profession, and a purity of character quite unusual. "Indeed," writes Dr. Harris to me, "in all the years of our acquaintance I have yet to hear him tell an anecdote the least bit 'off color,' or listen with approval to one told by another, even though the hour, the 'spread,' and the character of the company might have condoned."

It was in the early seventies, when young Sothern came over from England to visit his father, that Dr. Harris first met him. He found him a modest, rather retiring youth, full of keen desire for sport, but with none of the bumptiousness and self-assertion so common to young men of that age. There was a fishing excursion to the Rangeleys, the company being made up of the late William J. Florence and

George Holland, Mr. Henry M. Rogers, a distinguished lawyer of Boston, the Sotherns, and Dr. Harris. On this trip young Sothern's whole personality was a constant source of pleasure to his father's friends, especially his respect and love for his father, and his self-restraint, so much in contrast with the average American youth.

E. H. Sothern and his Fox Terrier

This filial regard is one of the very strong points in his character. Although during the last part of the elder Sothern's life "Dee" was separated from his father through circumstances which he could not control, his loyalty

never wavered. His strong affection endured to the very end, and no man ever had a son who carried the fond memory of his "governor" in more cherished remembrance. He has often been begged and advised to assume some of the rôles which made his father famous, but he has steadfastly refused, not from distrust of his ability to portray adequately the characters, but because he feared lest the public, especially the old friends of his father, should disapprove and charge him with presumption.

Sothern's generosity has been manifested in many ways aside from temporary financial help to those of his profession in straitened circumstances. It has been shown in advice, encouragement, the frequent and generally successful attempt, in the language of Dundreary, "to help a lame dog over a stile." This generosity often has been repaid with the rankest ingratitude, but this has had no influence in shadowing his sunny nature, or

prevented his again trying to help those in need.

A man whom Sothern had befriended in every way took offence at what he considered the insufficiency of his rôle, and left Sothern's company in a huff. When, a little later, Dr. Harris happened to mention some little courtesies he had extended to Sothern's former friend, not knowing of the estrangement, and even then getting but the meagrest details, and added that had he known the situation his action might have been different, Sothern replied, "It was awfully sweet of you, dear old Doc; I would not have had it otherwise for the world." At another time when a friend both of himself and his father was in prospective financial straits, Sothern, in the most unobtrusive way, handed him a check in four figures and said, "Call again," and though after that he himself was hard pushed by the comparative failure of a play, he would not hear of

repayment. He also has always manifested a respect and interest in all the old friends of his father, men who would naturally be thought, owing to the disparity of years, able to afford little of interest to him in their lives or personality.

Of the Sotherns' domestic life Dr. Harris writes: "Those who have been fortunate enough to see it, know how happy it is, and it is most amusing to see and hear the excited discussions between 'Dee' and 'Virgie' when the twinkle of the eyes of Sothern, matched by the lovelight in those of his wife, showed how unreal was the mock battle. And it is touching, when they are apart, to hear the tributes of each to the other in regard to personal qualities. These and the enthusiastic appreciation of the professional abilities of each from the other are convincing proof that there are other happy marriages among the profession besides that of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal."

As a boy Sothern had shown a fondness for drawing, and his father had wanted him to become an artist. But, much to the father's disappointment, he failed to pass for the Royal Academy schools, although old Frith had assured the elder Sothern that his boy would get in. It was then he came to America to join his father, having been here only once before, in 1875, for the trip recalled by Dr. Harris.

In England he had been to school at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire. He remembers that one of his schoolmasters was passionately fond of riding to hounds, sometimes spending from eight to ten hours a day at it, and that the boys would be obliged to have their lessons early so that their sporty instructor could get away to the meets.

A curiously amusing reminiscence of his school-days is of a time when there was mumps at the school, and he, and some of the other

boys who had escaped it, managed, after much manœuvring, to enter the sick ward and rub faces with the sick boys, so that they too might get mumps — and delighted they were when it developed, for they thought it more fun to have mumps than to study.

This escapade, and several others in which young Sothern was engaged, had an amazing sequel, and one probably impossible in any country but England. A couple of years ago — many years after he had left school — he visited Dunchurch and his old principal, who, after all that lapse of time, was so perceptibly shocked by the various bits of school mischief which Sothern laughingly began to recall, that the visit was almost spoiled.

The elder Sothern had a tender regard for his son, who has since become so eminent an actor. A year before his death he wrote to his friend, Miss Lucy Derby, now Mrs. Fuller, of Boston, "Eddy, my second son, is at the

Boston Museum, playing very small parts by my advice. . . . He 's a dear, clever lad, and for my sake treat him as a brother. He will call upon you. He is as nervous as I am, so assume that you know him as well as you know me — at once." The letter is quoted from Mrs. Fuller's article, "The Humor of the Elder Sothern" in the *Century Magazine*.

E. H. Sothern's Boston engagement was his second. His début had been an absolute failure. It occurred in 1879 at Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, as the cabman in "Sam" in his father's company. He had only the line "Half a crown, your Honor. I think you won't object," but even these few words so rattled him that he forgot the second sentence; and though his father, with whom he had the scene, kept prompting him and whispering "go on," he did not "go on," but "went off." The elder Sothern wrote to his friend, Mrs. Vincent, of the Boston Museum com-

pany, "Poor Eddy is a nice, lovable boy, but he never will make an actor." Nevertheless Eddy has made himself one.

The fact of his being the son of the famous Sothern did not pave a royal road to success for the great comedian's boy. The father died the first year the son was on the stage. The latter's early career was full of hardships. "The fascination of stage work," he said, in recalling those years of vicissitudes, "lies in the comradeship of people all eager to accomplish a certain object. When you are hard up and shoved about from one company to another, life on the stage would be unbearable but for that comradeship."

One of his amusing, yet also disheartening experiences was when he was obliged, in a performance of "Richard III.," to play, single-handed, two armies, — the army of Richard and, a few minutes later, the army of Richmond. Unfortunately the audience "sized

up" the army, and, to make matters worse, identified the second instalment. However, in 1886, his talent asserted itself in his performance of Captain Gregory in "One of Our Girls," with Helen Dauvray. This induced Daniel Frohman, in the spring of 1887, to cast him as Jack Hammerton in "The Highest Bidder," a play which, under the title "Trade," by John Madison Morton, the author of "Box and Cox," Sothern had found among his father's effects. A hit in this led to his being starred by Daniel Frohman, who still is his manager.

And right at this point, at the very outset of his career as a star, Virginia Harned came into his life. Mr. Frohman had seen her at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in a play called "The Long Lane," and had sent for her to come to see him. As she tells it, "I sailed into his office next day and there was Sothern. Shortly before he had met

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Mrs. E. H. Sothern (Virginia Harned)

with an accident, and he was on crutches. After I had talked over matters with him and Mr. Frohman, and thought everything settled, Mr. Frohman said:—

"'Now, Miss Harned, would you mind standing up so that we can see if, perhaps, you are not too tall for Mr. Sothern?'

"I remember exclaiming inwardly, 'Oh my! Why did I wear heels!' But I sort of crouched as much as I could without its being noticeable. Mr. Sothern got up on his crutches and stood beside me. 'Well, Frohman,' he said, 'it seems I still can hold my head up.' So I was engaged as his leading woman."

After the first night of "Lord Chumley," in which Sothern began his starring career, Mr. Frohman asked Miss Harned, "Why did you not come to me before?"

"Because," she replied, "you would have asked me, 'What can you do?' and I would

have had to reply, 'Nothing.'" Miss Harned had indeed been on the stage but a very short time before she became Sothern's leading woman.

She herself was aware that her engagement was a very rapid advancement. But she never referred to that fact until five years later, when Mr. Frohman wanted her and Mr. Sothern, to whom she meanwhile had been married, to part company professionally, and, for business reasons, to star alone. The Sotherns were anxious to remain together, so, partly to bring home to Mr. Frohman the fact that he was responsible for their first meeting, Mrs. Sothern asked, "Why did you engage me to be Mr. Sothern's leading woman after hearing me only once?"

"Because," Mr. Frohman answered, "I saw that you were born to be a leading woman."

Mrs. Sothern's birthplace was Boston. Her family name was Hicks, her father being a

Virginian and her mother from New England. She was brought up in the South. When she was very small — about six years old — her ambition was to be a circus-rider, — an ambition with which many children, who don't know anything about it, have been fired. At fifteen she went abroad and spent two years in England. For the stage she studied with Emma Waller, chiefly Shakespearian heroines. Going on the stage she assumed the name Virginia Harned, — Virginia from her father's native State; Harned from her mother's family name.

After her engagement as Mr. Sothern's leading woman, she remained with him three years. She then acted under A. M. Palmer's management, during which she made her great success as Trilby. About three seasons after she left Sothern's company he was preparing to produce "An Enemy to the King," and she was to tour with Henry Miller as joint

star. At a critical moment in the preparations for the production of "An Enemy to the King," — only three days before the first performance, — Mr. Sothern's leading woman was taken ill. In this dire emergency he turned to Miss Harned. Could she make ready in three days to play the rôle? It involved learning the lines, working out the "business," and rehearsing, — doing in three days something to which weeks of preparation should be given. It was a terrible ordeal, but — for his sake — she went through it. The performance occurred at the Criterion Theatre, New York. At dress rehearsal she fainted. She was in such a wrought-up state the night of the production that, when off the stage, she had to have applications of ice-bags to her head, while, in addition, some one sat by and fanned her. But everything passed off all right. She had saved the play for the man she loved — and who loved her. For a few

weeks later, in 1896, they were married, and she definitely cancelled her engagement with Mr. Miller. Since then, except for a brief engagement in Sardou's "Spiritisme," which, though a failure, played here three weeks longer than Sarah Bernhardt could keep it alive in Paris, and until, for purely professional and business reasons, she and her husband headed separate companies, she and Mr. Sothern have acted together. Excepting three or four years, her whole stage career has been with him. Their principal performances have been in "The King's Musketeer," which is a version of "The Three Musketeers," Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," and "Hamlet."

There is a pretty anecdote connected with the production of "The Sunken Bell," which shows how one artistic nature can influence another, even when that other already is idealistic. Miss Harned had seen the play

during a brief rest abroad, and discerning opportunities both for her husband and herself in the principal rôles, besides recognizing the poetic depth of the play itself, was anxious to add it to their repertoire. Mr. Sothern, however, after reading the play, did not have quite the same high estimate of it, and nothing further was done about it at that time.

During the following summer the Sotherns were in Vienna. One day Mr. Sothern, passing a jeweller's, saw a very beautiful jewelled necklace in the show window. He went in, priced it, and examined it. It could be worn as a necklace, or taken apart and turned into bracelets, earrings, brooches, and other personal adornments.

"The mechanism of it appealed to Dee about as strongly as the beauty of the jewels and their setting," says Mrs. Sothern, with a laugh, in telling the story. "Dee came back and told me about it, and asked me to go

around with him and look at it, and, if I liked it, he would buy it for me. Certainly it was exquisite. But the price? It was just about as much as it would cost to produce 'The Sunken Bell.'

"'Well, Virgie,' Dee said to me, when we had returned to our rooms, 'what about the necklace?'

"'Dee,' I said, 'I 'm just as happy as if I had it. Give me "The Sunken Bell" instead.' So I had 'The Sunken Bell,' but not the necklace. But I am sure I never would have had as good a time wearing the necklace as I had in playing in 'The Sunken Bell.'"

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Starting for a Walk

Mr. Sothern is one of the few theatrical stars of the day who is fostering the romantic drama, and who has demonstrated practically that Shakespeare does not "spell ruin." He is noted for his liberal dealings with playwrights. A little more than two years ago Ernest Lacy, of the Central High School, Philadelphia, wrote to Mr. Sothern, who was then playing in that city, that he had an idea for a new play, but did not care to trouble him unless he wished to hear it. The actor immediately sent a messenger boy to Mr. Lacy's house with a letter saying that he was most anxious to learn of any idea in the play line that Mr. Lacy might have. That evening they met after the performance and talked until the gray light of morning. "Bear in mind," Mr. Lacy said to me, "that I had not the shred of a plot — only an undeveloped theme — and that I was, as I still am, an unknown adventurer in the realms of playwriting.

"To gather materials for the play, it was necessary for me to spend some time abroad, and to purchase expensive books and engravings. When, therefore, at the end of our conversation he asked, 'What do you wish me to do?' I replied that I desired him to pay a considerable sum of money in advance and to agree to other stipulations usual in such contracts. Without a moment's hesitation his answer came, 'I will do it; draw up the contract.' When, for the second time, it became necessary for me to go to England, he willingly advanced more money. Although causes which I need not give, have seriously delayed the progress of the play, his words have always been, 'Take your own time; give me the best that is in you; and, success or failure, I will find no fault.'"

Friends of the Sotherns are fond of telling two anecdotes, one relating to Mrs. Sothern, the other to him, and both equally charm-

ing and readily explaining, if further explanation were needed, the affectionate regard in which both are held by many. Behind one of the principal counters at one of the large New York dry-goods stores is a small, hunchback, but patient and sweet-tempered woman. One evening, after her day in the store, she got into a crowded car. Straightway a strikingly handsome young woman rose and insisted on giving the hunchback a seat. Later she was able to find a seat beside her, fell into conversation with her, and, before leaving the car, gave her her visiting card and asked her to come to see her. The deformed woman called in due time, and now she has no kinder friend than the handsome stranger who gave up her seat to her. Around her neck she wears a locket in which is a picture of the woman whom she now fairly adores. Were she to open the locket for you, the face of Virginia Harned would look out at you.

Some of Mr. Sothern's people are buried in Brompton churchyard, London. Once he witnessed there the funeral of a child, over whose grave the grief-stricken parents placed some of the little fellow's toys. When he went there later most of the toys had disappeared. On visiting the churchyard again he found that on the mound over the boy only a hobby-horse remained. Rain had caused the paint to run off in streaks, and the coarse hair of the mane and tail was tangled and matted. The grave looked lonely and forsaken. Still later the hobby-horse had fallen apart; only the mound remained.

Moved by the pathos of such evidence of forgetfulness and neglect, Mr. Sothern, who had brought with him some flowers for the graves of his own kin, dropped a rose on the little chap's last resting-place.

"There, little fellow," he said, "have one with me."

Whenever, thereafter, on his trips to England, he visited Brompton churchyard, he had a flower for this grave; and when, a few seasons ago, Mrs. Sothern went abroad alone, almost his last injunction to her was, not to forget that boy's mound at Brompton.

With all his tenderness, Sothern adds to its charm a delightful vein of humor. I have seen a photograph of him taken when he was a youngster, on which he has written, "This is a picture of myself in my celebrated character of my own father. For is it not said that 'the child is father to the man'?"

The Sotherns have a handsome freestone house in West Sixty-ninth Street, near Central Park, W., in New York City. There is a handsome grilled entrance, and Venetian grillage guards the lower windows. Any sombre aspect which might result from this is offset by the bright potted flowers behind the grillage. The hall is roomy and arranged

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E. H. Sothern and his Wife in the Main Hall of their Home

for sitting. The walls are decorated with mounted heads of wild beasts; near the broad stairway is a jar full of weird javelins, and on the stairway landing a tall clock. Noticeable is a deerskin, head and all, thrown over the banister. Back of the hall is the dining-room, where again there are heads of wild animals on the walls — an especially fine one of a boar — and a chest of silver, all tributes to E. A. Sothern, E. H. Sothern, and "Virgie." The room is furnished in heavy black oak.

The hall of the second floor might be called a "Hall of Fame," — not of E. H. Sothern, but of his father, — for its most conspicuous object is a screen cabinet full of relics of the elder Sothern. The drawing-room is in green and silver, and is done in the style of the three Louis. On the floor above are the library, where Mr. Sothern does much of his work, and some of the bedrooms. Mr. Sothern tells me that he can best study a rôle lying flat on

his back in bed and staring at the blank ceiling; then there is nothing to interfere with his vision of the stage in his imagination. The blank ceiling becomes the space behind the footlights; he sees the setting of the scene as it should be; the other characters come and go; and, as he goes over the lines of his own rôle, he can see himself on the stage and work out all the "business" of the part, without his clear theatrical perception being interfered with by any of the furnishings of his own house.

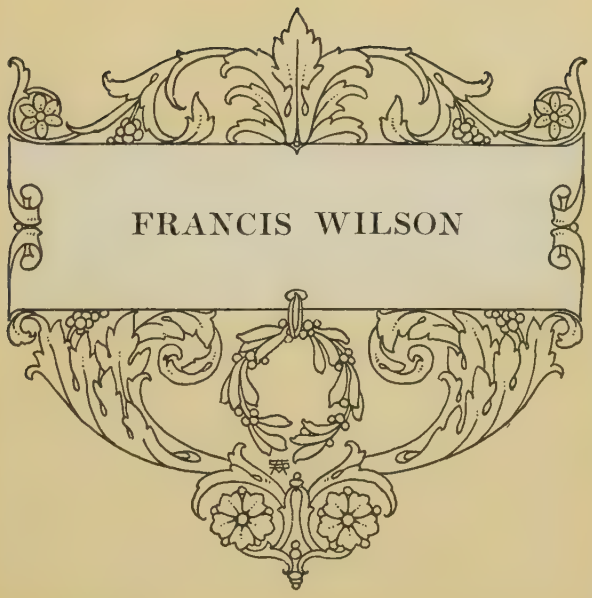
The wild animal heads which decorate the hall and dining-room of this house are not his trophies. He says himself that he could not persuade himself to kill a deer, adding that he shot one, when he was young, and that he has felt like a murderer ever since.

At dinner one evening at the Sotherns, a friend happened to mention the tragedy at Meyerling. Mrs. Sothern expressed the

opinion that Archduke Rudolph must have been insane.

"Not necessarily," said Mr. Sothern, looking up and speaking without the suggestion of a smile and in the serious tone which he assumes whenever he cracks a joke, "even kind men have been known to kill their wives."

About midnight the friend who had been their guest met them walking up Broadway after the theatre. "I want you to observe," said Mr. Sothern, stopping him, "that although kind men have been known to kill their wives, Mrs. Sothern is still alive."


FRANCIS WILSON

FRANCIS WILSON

T the instant of the drop of the curtain, every night when he is playing in New York, Francis Wilson hurries to his dressing-room, jumps into his street clothes and catches the last train, which leaves the Grand Central Station at 12.06 midnight, for New Rochelle. The most attractive invitations allure him not. "Oh, I'm a home body, you know," he says as he smiles his winning smile and is off for his train. His anxiety to catch this train has made the actor a very quick dresser. No matter how late it is when the performance is over, he somehow or other always catches the train. After a certain opening night, when the play ran unusually long,

his family and a party of friends had all they could do to make their way out of the theatre and with all speed reach the Grand Central Station with only a few moments' leeway to catch the train. But there on the platform was the "home man" waiting for them. It is the same if he plays in Harlem, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Williamsburg, or Newark: every night finds him at home. And if he plays in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or as far as Washington, each Sunday morning finds him on the train bound for home.

A friend in Philadelphia tried to persuade the actor from his usual course one Sunday, holding out to him a most attractive Sunday amid books and paintings in his home.

"I know," smiled the actor; "I'd love to do it. Honestly, I would. But I'll tell you the truth. At half-past one this afternoon the two dearest little girls in the world, with their mother, will be in a trap waiting for me at the

New Rochelle station, and I would n't disappoint them for anything. You can understand it, old man, can't you? I only see them once a week now, you know."

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Francis Wilson at Home

And with a smile, as only Francis Wilson can smile at a friend, he swung himself on the car bound for that home where centres everything, outside of his art, that is precious to one of the most domestic actors on the American stage. I have known Francis Wilson to take this journey home from Boston,

returning again early on Monday, and I have known him to travel fourteen hours to be at home three hours, and then turn around and travel fourteen hours back.

And it is a most interesting home to which the actor goes, — a home, too, with a bit of a history. He calls it "The Orchard," because the ground was an apple orchard when he bought it, and apple-trees still surround the house. He arranged to build a small home there in 1891. About the time that he began to build he produced "The Merry Monarch." Success came, and before he had his cellar finished he decided that the profits from his opera warranted a larger house, so he told the builder to "wait for a few days" until he "added a room or two." This was done. Meanwhile the opera grew more profitable. He decided to add another room. The opera progressed, and with its progress rose Wilson's ideas. By this time the architect and builder

were mystified at Wilson's sudden and continued additions. Finally he added a private theatre on the top floor, where it is erroneously supposed he often rehearses his operas in miniature, the fact being that it was built for a playhouse for his children.

Francis Wilson is noted as a book collector. In his library he has over ten thousand volumes. The library has grown until every room overflows with books, and even in the walls of the halls shelves have been built. His taste in the choice of books is exceedingly good, his Napoleonic collection being considered one of the finest and most valuable in America. Some of his first editions are priceless. His shelves are full of autographed copies of books and of complete rare manuscripts.

In the first period of his book-collecting he was what might be termed a book-hunter. His collection of Napoleana dates from then.

But for some time past his original hobby for collecting rare editions has been superseded by a desire to get together a complete library of English literature. He also has made a fine autograph collection, including a manuscript of Washington Irving, a most interesting letter of Byron offering his yacht to join in the search for Shelley's body, several Washington letters, and the autographs of Napoleon, all the members of his family and his generals. His affection for Eugene Field gives peculiar value to the latter's autograph in his collection. When playing "Nadjy" the comedian introduced a song entitled "The Tale of Woe," which he had heard sung in England. At a performance in Chicago the poet recognized the words as some fugitive verses of his own. He met Wilson, and a warm friendship sprang up between poet and comedian.

Every moment of leisure Wilson has when at home is spent in his library. Nearly the

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Francis Wilson in his Library

whole summer he remains at New Rochelle, and at least fifteen weeks of the theatrical season are so arranged that he can be there. He reaches home generally at 12.30 A. M., goes straight to his library, eats his customary bowl of milk and crackers, and sits down and talks with his wife, who nearly every night waits up for him. When Mrs. Wilson retires the actor starts to read and write, which he usually keeps up until about three o'clock. Then he retires and sleeps until eleven, when he rises.

Into his library he goes, and stays until one o'clock, which is his hour for luncheon. In the afternoon it is the library again until five, when the principal meal of the day is eaten in the Wilson home, and at seven the actor is off for New York and the theatre.

If he can get a friend to sit up with him in his "den," after his return from the theatre, he delights in taking up problems in art or literature, or in discussing a writer with the utmost

thoroughness. Many a friend has sat there with him and talked until he could not keep his eyes open. But when the friend retired the actor settled down and read a couple of hours longer. His friends, like his books, are such as can help him along in what he missed in early life. In addition to a wide range of purely literary works, he reads political economy and history just as part of a general mental drill. His books are not for show. They are riddled with underscorings.

The time he does not spend with his books is spent with his pictures, for whatever wall space in the Wilson home is not taken up with books is taken up with paintings. And the paintings are paintings. There is a Rembrandt, a Corot, a Rosa Bonheur, six or seven Mauves, a Cazin, a Jacque, three by Neuhuys, several Blommers, two or three Jules Bretons, several Thaulows, a Schreyer, a Ziem, a Monchablon, one of the best of Detaille's water-

colors, and so on, each painting the careful choice and the loving pride of the comedian and his wife.

It is upon books and paintings that the actor's large income is mainly spent. He has no expensive personal habits to gratify. He is absolutely prohibition in principles, never touching a drop of liquor nor taking a stimulant of any sort. He never smokes. He dresses neatly but inexpensively. In all his habits he is essentially frugal. He never touches coffee nor tea, and he also is a light eater. He rarely takes more than two meals a day, and one of these is so light that it hardly would count with a person not accustomed to a frugal life. In season a slice of watermelon often serves for the crackers and milk on his arrival at home from the theatre. "No wonder the rascal 's always well," said a noted physician to Wilson's friend Leon H. Vincent, the author and lecturer; "he never eats anything!"

Aside from his books and pictures he lavishes the best on his wife and family. Francis Wilson was married twenty-three years ago, when he was twenty-six years of age. It may surprise some who see the agile comedian on the stage to know that he is forty-nine years old. He was born in Philadelphia, February 7, 1854. His wife was a Miss Mira Barrie and was acting in the company with him when he fell in love with her.

He has two children, Frances, who is sixteen years of age, and Adelaide, who is fourteen. They are charming girls and devoted to their father and mother. Both are now in Paris at school and studying music for a year, when they will return to prepare for college. With these two the father is a merry, youthful companion. He is the life of the house, and as young as the youngest boy and girl in his children's circle of friends. Laughter and bright spirits pervade the Wilson home, and

the father's funniest pranks are cut up in the house at New Rochelle.

Francis Wilson's friendships are few but strong, and he has a way of holding them. His closest friends are men of literary tastes and persuasions. In each city where he plays he has one or two of these bookish friends, and these suffice for him. What time he does not spend in their company and in the libraries of their homes he can always be found in the principal bookstore of the city.

Latterly antique furniture has captured his tastes, and now the old furniture shops see much of him. A year ago he heard that there were in Boston some chairs and settles made out of the old pew-ends of Shakespeare's church at Stratford-on-Avon. The comedian hastened to the shop and purchased a settle.

"That evening, while I was playing," said he, "I saw nothing but Shakespeare chairs and settles, and I thought what a ninny I had

been not to have bought a dozen of those chairs for our dining-room. I could n't wait for the next morning to come, so I sat up all night and read; and bright and early at 8 A. M., I was at that shop. Afraid somebody would get there ahead of me, you know. I got 'em — thirteen of 'em. I knew that when they arrived at home Mrs. Wilson would feel like kicking me until she knew what they were, then she 'd feel like kissing me."

And now around the Wilson dining-table stand the fine old chairs with the Prince of Wales plume on the top (they can be seen in the photograph of the family at dinner on the opposite page), and host and hostess and their daughters and friends each sit in a Shakespeare chair, while the actor smiles at the way he sat up all night in Boston waiting for the little shop to open. But all this is Francis Wilson's delight.

Wilson's accomplishments are chiefly liter-

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Francis Wilson at Home

ary. He writes exceedingly well, as "The Ladies' Home Journal" readers discovered when they read his cat story, "Lady Jule," published last year. He has written for other magazines, and is the author of three books about Eugene Field. The actor is now writing his first long story, and it will soon be published. His literary bent is pronounced, and it is not unlikely that, like Clara Morris, Francis Wilson will be known quite as widely as a writer as he is as an actor. He reads in French as easily as in English. Last summer it was the delight of his life to take his family to Italy, and before he went he dug away at the Italian tongue. One of his branch courses he took by patronizing an Italian barber and conversing with him every day in Italian. He never allowed the barber to speak to him in anything but Italian. In this way he quickly picked up a conversational grasp of the language.

He has also been successful as a lecturer, and two summers ago lectured before the great Chautauqua Assembly at Chautauqua, New York.

The most remarkable phase of Francis Wilson's life is that all the knowledge which he possesses is self-attained. He is one of the most striking examples of what a man can do for himself. His youthful education was sadly neglected. The circumstances of his parents did not permit much in the way of education for their children, and what they could give to Francis was pushed aside by him in his desire to act and study for the stage. No sooner had he reached the stage, however, than he realized that to be an actor in the truest sense of the word meant reading and knowledge. So he started to dig out for himself what he had not allowed others to do for him. Even in the days when he was a minstrel, on his railroad journeys throughout the

country, while other members of the company were sleeping, cracking jokes, or passing their time in idleness, Wilson could always be found in the quietest and most secluded corner of the car absorbed in some book. In this way and in these odd moments he dug out for himself not only a knowledge of English literature, but also completely mastered the French language and read the best French books in the original editions. He would inveigle one of the members of the company to hold the book while he recited passage after passage in French to see if "he knew it." He never allowed a moment to be wasted. A leisure minute meant to him a sentence in some book. And so it is to-day. Between a matinée and a night performance he employs every moment in reading or writing. His most treasured piece of baggage is not the trunk which contains his costumes, but one which he had especially built to hold fifty books. This trunk goes wherever he goes, and

when he has finished the fifty books with him the trunk is sent home, a new fifty are substituted, and the trunk catches him at the next city where he plays.

Thus, self-educated himself, he believes in the same method for others. He is probably the only American actor who has a Chautauqua circle in his company. This circle has stated meetings once a week or fortnight, and over these Francis Wilson presides with an enthusiasm that communicates itself to all its members.

Nor does his interest in education stop with himself and those immediately about him. A most touching anecdote of his eagerness to help others along on the road of knowledge was told me by Kemble, the artist. One night last winter on his way to the theatre in New York he noticed a boy, an Italian fruit-vender, crouched near a gasoline torch, writing. Stopping and asking the boy what he

was writing, he found out that the lad had no time to go to school, but was trying to learn

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A Quiet Game with his Daughter

during odd moments while tending the fruit-stand. From that time until his engagement at the theatre closed, Wilson wrote out a daily

lesson for the boy, obtained his written answers the following day, and on the third handed them back to him corrected.

In his recreative moods he is as versatile as he is in his bookish moods. He is considered one of the most expert fencers in the country, and is a long-distance swimmer of repute. He loves the water, and in summer swims every morning with his family off the beach at New Rochelle. He delights and excels at golf, is an expert at chess, plays an invincible game of ping-pong, and at tennis on his own place is the joy and life of a game with his two girls.

His wife and children are always present on the first night of a new opera, and when he comes to Philadelphia the right-hand box on his opening night is reserved for his mother and his sisters, all of whom reside in Philadelphia, for Wilson's ancestors on his father's side were Quakers; his mother's people were Virginians.

"Sending grapes to an admirer?" smilingly asked a friend of the actor once, finding him in a fruit-store.

"That's right; an admirer who has admired me for nearly fifty years," replied the actor, as he gave his mother's address to the fruiterer.

Thus, surrounded by his family and books when at home, and always in the company of his books when he is travelling from city to city, Francis Wilson leads a happy, studious life. The days are never long to him. "They haven't hours enough to suit me, and so I borrow a few from the night," he once said to his intimate friend, Edward Bok. And when those who have been in his audience at the theatre are soundly sleeping from the evening's pleasure he has given them, Francis Wilson is sitting deep down in an easy-chair, either in the library of his own home or in his room at the hotel absorbed in a book, oblivious of time or place.

TWO "HOME" CLUBS
FOR ACTORS

"THE LAMBS'"

HE Lambs' Club, on West Thirty-sixth Street, New York, is the most popular actors' club in the world. Its doors never are closed. A few seasons ago E. W. Presbrey, the playwright, and a Lamb, who lived near the club, was burned out at five o'clock in the morning, and narrowly escaped with his life. In his pajamas and bare feet he ran around the corner and through the open doors of the Lambs' Club. Practically he was at home. That word "home" conveys one reason why the club is so popular. It is the one retreat from the furnished room and boarding-house open to many members of the profession. It is the "home" club of many

players. No wonder it has a large membership and a large waiting list.

As a club it enjoys the unique distinction of containing both actors and an audience, and a highly select audience, too. For there is a lay membership as well as a histrionic one. The non-histrionic members are of two classes, those who, although not actors, follow some artistic pursuit, like painters, sculptors, architects, or some occupation allied to the stage, like playwrights; and out-and-out lay members, classed as non-professional. Usually the latter are men of leisure or semi-leisure.

A splendid audience both classes of lay members form when there is an exchange of wit, a suddenly improvised dialogue or burlesque (often just a spark of wit will fire a whole train), or one of the regular monthly gambols. Once an actor always an actor, and actors make proverbially bad audiences. That is just where the importance of the Lambs'

Photographed by Sarony

Harry Montague

lay membership comes in. The professional members always have an audience to whom they can act.

Sometimes a group of actors may be dining at one table and a lay member or two at the adjoining table. The actors' talk will be the more brilliant for the lay auditors' proximity. The actors have an audience, that is enough to set their wits going.

Maurice Barrymore was one of the best beloved as well as one of the most brilliant members of the club. When he was at his best his speech was so salted with epigrams he never failed to have an admiring audience. His friends always tried to give the conversation a turn which would enable him to cap it with a clever "line." They "fed" him, as the term is in theatricals.

I remember once dining at the Lambs' at a table near that at which "Barry" sat with three other actors. They were talking about

adaptations of French farces, and of how much the French originals lost in the English versions. It was fascinating for me to watch the men with Barrymore lead the talk step by step and with the greatest skill up to the point, when it became possible for one of them to turn to Barrymore with the direct question:

"Well, anyhow, 'Barry,' what is the difference between a French farce and an American adaptation?"

"The same difference," was Barrymore's swift reply, "that there is between Fifth Avenue and South Fifth Avenue."

Any one familiar with New York will appreciate the aptness of the distinction. Somehow "Barry's" table companions had divined the point to which he wanted the talk led. If the lines had been written dialogue and carefully rehearsed, the episode could not have gone off better.

When "Barry" broke down mentally, and it

was found necessary to place him in an asylum, it was only through his friends in the club that he could be induced to go. A group of

Reading Room of "The Lambs'"

them accompanied him, and with tears in their eyes turned from the door of the private retreat whither, unknown to himself, they had with infinite tenderness conducted him.

Perhaps the wittiest members at the present

time are Wilton Lackaye, Willie Collier, and Henry E. Dixey. Lackaye's wit is subtle and satirical. One day, as he was going downstairs, an actor whose specialty is female impersonations was coming up. Lackaye stepped to one side and removed his hat, and allowed the female impersonator to pass as if he were making way for a lady.

A story illustrating Lackaye's wit is told on Joseph Jefferson. Lackaye at the time was a member of Jefferson's company, and one day he had a dispute with him on a question of expenses, which he thought should come out of Jefferson's pocket. The latter demurred, and finally Lackaye yielded the point.

"That's very nice of you, Lackaye," said Jefferson, "and to show my appreciation of your courtesy I'd like to give you one of my landscapes."

"I'd be glad to accept one, Mr. Jefferson," replied Lackaye, "but only on one condition."

"What is that?" queried Jefferson, rather surprised at the other's emphasis.

"Water-mills are barred."

The "old man" saw the point and smiled; and Lackaye now is the possessor of what he calls a unique work of art, — a Jefferson landscape without a water-mill.

The other day Willie Collier came into the clubhouse. He was immaculately attired in a new gray walking suit. The first man who spied him was an actor who has been "resting" the entire season.

"Ah!" he exclaimed on seeing Collier, "here comes the matinée idol actor!"

"And how is the idle matinée actor?" was Collier's quick retort.

A rapid exchange of wit like that is the delight of the lay members. Herbert Spencer, I think, says it requires two people to establish happiness, the exhibitor and the spectator. At the Lambs' the professional element is the

exhibitor, the lay element the spectator. Between them they establish happiness. Is there wonder that all members, professional and lay, love the club?

Recently it became necessary to raise $50,000 for club purposes. It was decided to issue bonds. The actors in the club asked to have the first chance to subscribe. Reluctantly the lay members, who were equally anxious, consented to the arrangement, hoping, however, that part of the amount would remain to be taken up by them. But the actors simply fell over themselves in their eagerness to help the club which means so much to them; and so far as subscribing to these bonds is concerned, the lay members were left out in the cold.

This bond issue was toward the fund for a new clubhouse, the club being so flourishing that it has outgrown its present quarters, though the building was especially built

Photographed by Byron

The Dutch Grill of "The Lambs'"

for the club. Stamford White, who is a Lamb, will prepare the plans for the new structure.

The Lambs' Club, now so flourishing, is an offshoot of the some-time defunct Lambs' of London. Its beginnings were very modest. It had its inception mainly through members of the famous old Wallack stock company, when Wallack's Theatre was at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, just below Union Square. This old-time theatrical landmark has disappeared, and a clothing store stands on the site; but the Lambs' never was so prosperous as now.

Some verses by Edward E. Kidder, the playwright, entitled "The Lambs," well express the genius of the club:

Oh, brilliant brotherhood of brains,
Oh, club unique for wit and worth,
Where Momus dwells and Genius reigns,
In touch with all the best of earth,—

To those of us who love you well
Your qualities need not be told ;
We know the many joys that dwell
Within the fold !

Not ours alone to clink the glass,
Or welcome Pleasure in her round,
To hear the merry jests that pass,
To fill the air with joyous sound ;
A worthier purpose moves us on,
A minor chord is in our glee,
Our hearts are where our Lambs have gone
On land and sea.

A band of sympathetic love
Unites as one " our happy few ; "
Here can the victor share his joys,
The vanquished find nepenthe, too ;
A trinity shall aid our band
To hold its power forevermore :
The open heart — the open hand —
The open door !

The Lambs' enjoys what probably is the unique distinction of having crossed the Atlantic and reproduced itself here, and moreover of having survived the parent club, which Mr.

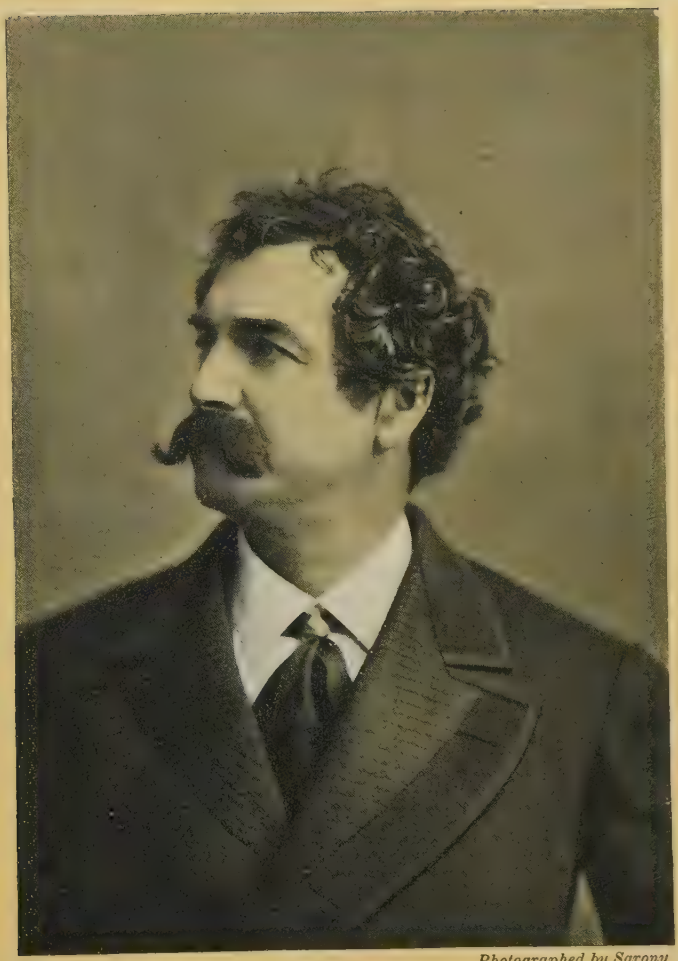
John Hare started in London in 1869. The first dinner was held in the Gayety restaurant, with Hare in the chair as first shepherd. Some ten years the Lambs of London browsed together. Then they grew into old sheep. Some died, some married, with the result that the last dinner of the London Lambs was held in 1879. The few survivors of the London Lambs now are honorary members of the New York flock, whose motto is "Floreant Agni!" (May the Lambs Flourish!).

The Lambs' of New York was started in a most informal way, about Christmas time, 1874, by members of the Wallack's Theatre stock company, who then were playing in the first run of "The Shaughran." Prominent among them were Harry Montague and Harry Beckett. It was intended merely as a supper club. The name was adopted at the suggestion of Harry Montague, who mentioned having belonged to a club called the Lambs' in

London. At this first meeting there were seven present. It was held in the blue room of the uptown Delmonico's, then at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

For several years the suppers continued to be held in various restaurants. After a while the membership had increased sufficiently to warrant the hiring of clubrooms. The club in 1877–78 occupied the second floor of the old Monument House, at No. 6 Union Square. In May, 1877, it was incorporated. Montague was Shepherd and Beckett the Boy ; and among the members I find, besides these, Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault, Charles F. Coghlan, "Billy" Florence, E. M. Holland, John McCullough, Eben Plympton, John T. Raymond, E. A. Sothern, and a number of lay members.

The first great grief of the club came with the death of Harry Montague in San Francisco, in August, 1878. Those who were at



Photographed by Sarony

Lester Wallack

his funeral in "The Little Church Around the Corner" never will forget the gathering of sobbing mourners.

Lester Wallack succeeded as Shepherd, and was in turn succeeded by Beckett. This was in 1879, when the club removed to 19 East Sixteenth Street. Prompted by a laudable desire to economize, the entire cash assets of the club being only $80.40, Beckett insisted on himself carrying many of the articles belonging to the Lambs' from the old quarters to the new. Finally his frequent trips aroused the suspicions of a policeman, who halted him, and on searching under his coat discovered various component parts of the club's billiard table, but finally was convinced of the comedian's identity and innocent purpose.

Arrived at the club, Beckett gravely informed his friends that he had had an encounter with four policemen, but had taken down their numbers. Then he unveiled the

component parts of the billiard table, which had been concealed about his person.

The quarters in Sixteenth Street simply were rooms. In April, 1880, the club at last found itself under a roof controlled by itself alone. This was at No. 34 West Twenty-sixth Street. The event was celebrated by a supper and entertainment. Among the notables present who since have passed away were Lester Wallack, Harry Edwards, "Billy" Florence, Dion Boucicault, Charles A. Dana, John McCullough, and the elder Sothern. One of the guests was Gen. Horace Porter, now ambassador to France. By an error his name recently was included in an account of this entertainment as among those "who have since passed away." In a humorous apology for the mistake, issued by the club, it was suggested that the error recalled the bon mot of the late Tom Appleton, that "all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

The idea of the present clubhouse in West Thirty-sixth Street was first broached by Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., one of the most pop-

"The Lambs'" Assembly Room

ular members of the club, — so popular that, although a non-professional member, he has been a Shepherd, the only member of his class, save the late Judge Brady, to have been thus honored. Besides being a shrewd

adviser and one of the "best fellows" imaginable, Mr. Clarke has donated to the club some valuable art objects and a fine collection of more than three hundred drinking vessels, of all descriptions, and covering a period from the tenth century B. C. to the present time.

A list of club members includes practically every noted actor and playwright of America. Once a month the club gives in its own little theatre a "gambol." This consists of performances of skits written by members of the club, and, of course, the performers also are club members. No outside talent is ever called upon or allowed to intrude itself; nor, with such a brilliant membership to draw upon, would this be necessary. The "all star gambol" in the spring of 1898, when in a week's tour a company of Lambs' gave an entertainment which left the club debt free, is well remembered. All other gambols, with

the exception of an annual invitation affair, have been strictly club events.

Every year also the Lambs' have their "washing," — an outing at the country place of some member. The club also owns a "pasture," the country seat of Charles H. Hoyt, which he bequeathed, together with a fund for its maintenance. Poor "Charlie" Hoyt was one of the friskiest Lambs' and in love with the club.

Those who have held the office of Shepherd longest, Lester Wallack and Clay M. Greene, were in that position each for seven years. Mr. Greene has been in many ways a valuable member of the club. Other Shepherds, besides those already mentioned, have been Florence, Edmund M. Holland, and De Wolf Hopper. Mr. Greene again is the present Shepherd, and Thomas B. Clarke is the Boy.

Since the incorporation of the Lambs' as a

club its doors never have been closed to its members. The first house rule in the Lambs' book is believed to be unique in clubdom. It reads: "The clubhouse of the Lambs' shall never close."

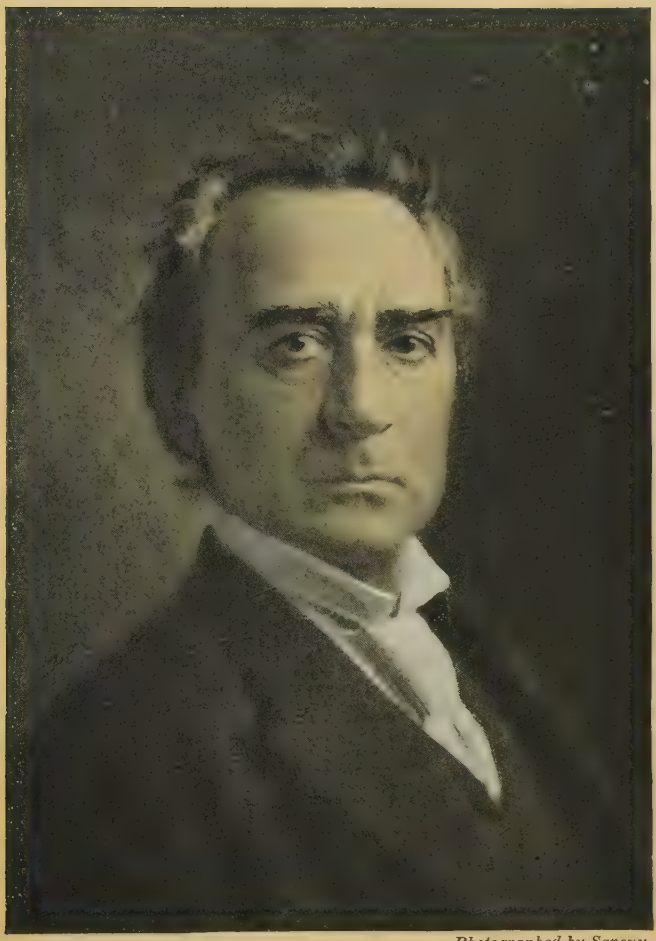
"THE PLAYERS'"

T would be difficult to point out the differences between the Lambs' and the Players' without quite unintentionally running the risk of possibly hurting somebody's feelings. Perhaps the simplest method of differentiating them is to say that the Players' is purposely the more dignified of the two, while the Lambs', equally with purpose, is the "good time" club of the dramatic profession. I think I also can say with safety that in some ways the Lambs' means more and comes closer home to the actor than does the Players'.

The latter is quite out of the theatrical district. Its handsome house is in an old-fash-

ioned neighborhood (and still an excellent one), No. 16 Gramercy Park. It is a fine New York mansion done over; the grounds run back to the next street, as do also those of the house adjoining, where Samuel J. Tilden lived, so that there is an outlook on the park from the front and on a broad garden space from the rear, and the house was delivered to the club altered, decorated, furnished, and fully equipped by its founder, the late Edwin Booth, a much-loved name within its walls.

Though founded by an actor, the club received its apt name at the suggestion of an author, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It was in the summer of 1887 that on the "Oneida," the steam yacht of Grover Cleveland's friend, E. C. Benedict, there were Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Aldrich, Laurence Hutton, and William Bispham. Mr. Booth there for the first time intimated that he would like to found a club in memory of his father, Junius



Photographed by Sarony

Edwin Booth

Brutus Booth. In the course of the ensuing talk over the proposal, Mr. Aldrich suggested the felicitous name which the club now bears.

Early the following year (January, 1888) Augustin Daly gave a breakfast at which the yacht party were present, and among others Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), "Joe" Jefferson, John Drew, and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman. By the following month the club had been incorporated, among the incorporators being Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Augustin Daly, Joseph Jefferson, Harry Edwards, James Lewis, John Drew, Samuel L. Clemens, and General Sherman.

The presence in this list of the names of Sherman and Clemens showed that, in spite of its name, the Players' was not to be limited to actors. Under the constitution eligibility to membership embraces any one who is "engaged in literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, or who is a patron or

connoisseur of the arts." Thus amateurs and connoisseurs are included, despite the definition of an amateur as "a person who loves nothing" and of a connoisseur as a "person who knows nothing."

At midnight on the last night of 1888, when bells, whistles, and horns were ushering in the new year, Edwin Booth, standing in front of the fireplace in the great hall on which a log crackled and blazed, presented in the simplest manner possible to the members of the club, by that time already grown to 100, a deed of gift to the house. From above the mantle, as he stood there, not as the actor, but as the simple, lovable man and loyal son, there looked down upon him the face of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, out of the canvas, by Sully.

It sometimes has been said in criticism of the Players' that the mixed membership has resulted in swallowing up the actor element, and that the last person you meet at the

Players' is a player. But this is not so. The membership of the club was, at Mr. Booth's suggestion, based on the social interests of the actor in relation with kindred arts, and it can

Photographed by Byron

Second Floor Hall of "The Players'"

be said for the club that it is run on a broader gauge than any other club of its kind in the world.

But its policy toward the actor is more liberal than that of the Garrick of London, or

of any of the other actors' clubs, save the Lambs'. Few of the younger actors can, for instance, gain admittance to the Garrick. But with the Players' the policy toward the profession is most liberal. In the deed of gift Mr. Booth stipulated that actor members of the club should be classed as non-residents, which, of course, greatly decreases their initiation fees and dues. Moreover, the profession is well represented in the management of the club. Joseph Jefferson is the president, and Daniel Frohman, who knows the profession like a book, is chairman of the house committee. In this way the actor's interests are fully subserved.

It does not require many visits to the Players' for one to discover that, while Booth intended the club to be a memorial to his father, the affection in which his own memory is held has defeated his object. Junius Brutus Booth is too remote to inspire in the

members anything more than an interest as a historical personage. Edwin Booth, on the other hand, is a real memory to many members. Most of them must have seen him act ; many of them knew him personally and have come under the influence of the diffident yet kindly welcome of the greatest figure on the American stage during the last century. Indeed, the highest achievements of the American stage are centred in his name.

Moreover, the acts of founding the Players' and of presenting the house to the club were done in such a simple, wholly unostentatious way as to show the lovable simplicity of the man in his private relations. Furthermore, he had attained such dignity in his art that the club, while in no wise lacking in good fellowship, partakes in a large measure of his own dignity.

Small wonder that of the two annual festivals celebrated by the Players' one is "found-

er's night," held every New Year's Eve, when, on the stroke of twelve, the loving cup is passed around and silently drunk to the memory of Edwin Booth. On the last "founder's night" of the nineteenth century the following despatch was received from Palm Beach, from the absent president of the club:—

To My Brother-Players: I join with you in this, the departing hour of the old century, in keeping green the memory of our beloved founder, Edwin Booth, and I wish you all a happy new year.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Edwin Booth lived at the Players'. As one of the club's tributes to his memory the room which he occupied, and in which he died, is kept just as it was. The monthly meetings of the Directors are held in it, as a matter of sentiment to symbolize that his still is the guiding spirit of the Players'.

In the rear of this room is the one which was occupied by Lawrence Barrett. This is

Photographed by Sarony

Joseph Jefferson

now one of the rooms let to members for living purposes. It has been used by such distinguished members as Samuel L. Clemens, E. S. Willard, and Barrett's friend, William H. Crane.

A short flight of steps from the entrance to the house brings one to the reading-room, from which twelve low steps lead to an alcove built over the entrance. Over the mantel in this alcove is Sargent's portrait of Edwin Booth. It fills the entire space from mantel to ceiling, and shows him, not as the actor, but as he stood when he presented the club with its abiding-place on that New Year's Eve so memorable in its annals.

There are two other Sargent portraits in the club, — one of Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss and one of Barrett, and also Macready's portrait by Washington Allston; Rachel's by Gilbert Stuart's daughter, Garrick's by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the elder Sothern's by Frith,

and a portrait of John Gilbert, the first of the Players' to die, by J. Alden Weir.

In referring to the Lambs' I said that Maurice Barrymore had been one of the wits of that club, and that many of his brilliant sallies were remembered there. He also belonged to the Players', and at least one of his bon mots uttered there has been preserved.

About the time the Players' was founded, the Booth-Barrett combination had been formed, and had raised the price of tickets to $3, — something quite remarkable for those days. Naturally, it was the subject of considerable conversation at the club. One of the canvases there is Collier's large portrait of Booth as Richelieu, his right arm raised and three fingers extended, as he invokes the curse of Rome upon the heads of Julie de Mortimer's enemies.

" Hello ! " Barrymore exclaimed one day, as

Photographed by Byron

Reading Room of "The Players'"

he came face to face with this portrait, just after a discussion of the combination's policy, "there's a picture of the 'old man' raising the price to $3!"

Between the reading-room and the grill-room is a hall with safes, which contain many dramatic relics. One of these is a sword used by Frédéric Lemaître. Here also is the crooked staff on which Charlotte Cushman leaned in her impersonation of Meg Merrilies. Fechter's "blond" wig, which he wore in "Hamlet," and which occasioned so much discussion, is also among the relics. It is amusing to note that while in the wordy warfare that raged about it, it always was referred to as "blond," it here is seen to be distinctly red.

Here are a ring which belonged to David Garrick and a lock of Edmund Kean's hair; Edwin Forrest's spring dagger, the blade of which obligingly slid back into the hilt every time he killed himself; a salver and

pitcher of silver presented in 1828 to Junius Brutus Booth, and the loving cup presented by Boston admirers to William Warren.

Photographed by Byron

Grill Room of "The Players'"

The grill-room, with its oaken beams, high wainscot, framed playbills and portraits, runs the full width of the house, and is one of the most comfortable and homelike rooms of its kind in town. Outside is a broad piazza over-

looking the spacious gardens of the Players' and of the old Tilden mansion next door. On this piazza the members take their meals al fresco in suitable weather. It is doubtful if any other club in the city has such a beautiful yet homelike outlook.

There are various Shakespearian mottoes in different parts of the house. That in the grill-room reads: "Mouth it, as many of our players do." Booth himself made an apt paraphrase of Ben Jonson's lines from the First Folio, and they may be read under the marble mantel in the hall:—

> Good Frende For Friendship's Sake Forbeare
> To Utter What Is Gossipt Heare
> In Social Chatt Lest, Unawares,
> Thy Tonge Offends Thy Fellow Plaiers

In the grill is a playbill of Garrick in "Hamlet" at Drury Lane in 1773. The King was played by "Mr. Jefferson." This was our own "Joe's" great-grandfather.

It is a distinguishing feature of the Players'

that it owns what is the best dramatic library in this country. Here are Booth's own books, constituting the working library of a great tragedian. Barrett's library also belongs to the Players'. Together the Booth and the Barrett number about 39,000 volumes. John Gilbert's widow made the addition of that much-beloved player's library.

There are more than 100 volumes of the older dramatists and a collection of over 30,000 playbills. Above the shelves are death-masks of Garrick, Kean, Malibran, Goethe, and Devrient, and portraits, all of actors, save one of George Washington. But then he may be classified as our " leading man."

Besides " Founder's Night," the only annual celebration of the club is " Ladies' Day." It is characteristic of the club's dignity that this is held on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23.

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